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SPEAK KINDLY.

BY R. R. E.

Speak kindly!—'tis but a simple thing,
Yet bears a wondrous power;
'Twill shed the bloom of summer-time
O'er every darkened hour.
'Twill calm the jarring chords of life,
By grief or passion stirr'd;
Like oil upon the troubled waves,
Is a kindly-spoken word.

And they who fought, but yielding fell,
Were wrecked by passion's blindness,
Though fall'n, may yet be won by love
And blessed words of kindness.
Then let no cold, self-righteous spirit
Place love and pity under ban;
Con well this lesson's holy teachings,
"Deal gently with thy fellow-man!"

Speak kindly!—many a bitter word,
In thoughtlessly and rashly spoken,
And through years of vain regret,
Its galling chains remain unbroken.
The sweetest glimpse of Paradise,
The truest types of Heaven above,
Are beaming smiles and kindly deeds,
And gentle words of love.

"SHIP AHOY!"

A Story of Land and Sea.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW JEREMIAH BASALT FOUND HIS FATE.

"I DON'T care. You may say what you like, my lad; but I sha'n't believe you none the more for it. I say this, and what I says I sticks to, as the fellow said: it aint true. It's all a sorter solid dream, come of lying out there in the sun so long, till your brain's got turned. You can see it, of course, just the same as I do."

"See it?" cried Anderson, excitedly. "Yes."

"Too be sure you can. Same raft same food, same water, same sufferings, same fright brings same dreams; and here we are both a-dreaming as we're aboard our old ship, the May."

"And so we are," said Anderson, smiling.

"We aint, I tell you," cried the old man, testily; "it's all a dream, and we shall wake again directly, to find it's all a fog. Perhaps we sha'n't wake at all any more—'cause why? Maybe, though we don't know it, we're dead, and this here's our fate, being seafaring men, to find a phantom ship like our old one that we was so fond on; and our to be—to be, you know—is to go on for ever and ever, amen, so be it, sailing over the wide sea of eternity, like Flying Dutchmen. That's it safe! I aint a bit surprised; and all I've got to say, my lad, 'is—take your fate like a true British sailor, and sail away. Might have been a deal worse, you know."

"Come and have a look below, Jerry," said Anderson, quietly; "perhaps we may find some tea."

"Tea!" said the old fellow, "what do we want with tea now, in this here t'other world? You see it's all just as I've wondered about often when I was alive. It didn't seem nat'ral to me, that if ever, when I died, I should get up aloft, I should set to singing, you know, or make anything of an angel, not having the stuff in me for that sort o' thing. You see, this looks a deal more like what I should expect. It's all right, my lad; here we are passed into the t'other life quietly, and going to navigate the great ocean. There's one thing as puzzles me."

"What's that, Jerry?" said Anderson.

"Why, it's this here, my lad. Seeing as we're dead and are condemned—no, I won't say that, but set—set to sail this here ship as aforesaid, I want to know what good it's going to do? Frightening people, and so on?"

"What good?" inquired Anderson smiling.

"Don't you be irrev'rent, my lad," said Basalt, solemnly, helping himself to a bit more pigtail.

"I aint a religious man—I mean I warn't a religious man when I was alive;—but this here ain't nothing to laugh at. I want to know what good it's going to be. You see it can't be a punishment, or else we should have been left to go about on that raft, instead of being set on this here fine ship; and by the same token, it can't be a pleasure—"

"Why?" said Anderson, humoring his conceit, for the old man had stopped.

"Why, my lad? 'Cause so. If we go on sailing this ship short-handed for ever and ever, amen, so be it, without fetching port, it stands to reason that we must get a bit tired of it some day."

"Yes, I think we should," said Anderson gazing thoughtfully round.

"I have it," said the old man, brightening up. "Didn't you never hear about the ancients being rowed across a river by an old chap in a boat when they died?"

"What, Charon and the Styx?"

"Styx? that warn't the name of the craft; but, anyhow, let that be. Their world was little, and they were land-lubbers; so it was a boat and a river for them. We're sailors, and accustomed to big things; so it's a ship with us, and the ocean."

"Well," said Anderson, "dead or alive, let's overhaul the craft."

"Overhaul it is," said Basalt; "and dead it is. Don't be a-clinging so to the world, my lad, now you've gone, gone out of it. What is the good of holding out? There, if you keep doubting as we're dead, hit me a buster here."

As he held forward his chest, Anderson struck him a sharp, back-handed blow which made him stagger.

"Now, then, are you dead?" he said laughing at the old man's perplexed face.

"Dead as dead lights," was the reply.

"But, you felt that?"

"Oh, yes," growled the old fellow; "I felt it; but, after all, that don't prove nothing. Sensations and all them sort o'things is just the same here as they was there, and why not? Anyhow we will overhaul the craft."

Going first round the deck, they found that the ship had evidently been in a gale; for she was a bit knocked about, though there was no material damage.

"And she's as tight as tight, I'll swear," said Basalt. "See how high she floats."

The boats, as they had seen before, were all gone but one; and that, on examination proved to have been stove in. Then after a glance aloft, they walked slowly to the captain's cabin, so familiar to Anderson.

Here there were manifestations of haste—papers, bottles, and tins tossed about; but no sign of life. The cot was empty, and it was the same in all the other cabins—traces of a hasty desertion, nothing more.

"Don't look much like death," said Anderson drily.

"Don't look much like life," growled Basalt, "does it? Why, there aint so much as a tom-cat aboard."

They walked forward, and descended to the quarters of the crew, and found matters there precisely the same. The men had evidently snatched up a few things, and hurried away to the boats, urged by some panic.

"It's a mystery," said Anderson, when they stood once more on the deck.

"Yes, my lad—death is a very solemn mystery," said Basalt.

"A deep mystery," said Anderson again thoughtfully. "Look here Jerry what's your opinion?"

"What about?" said the old fellow. "Death?"

"No, life. What made them desert the ship?"

"It warn't never deserted."

"Jerry your brain's turned. Come, old fellow, it's plain enough—the ship was forsaken, you can see that."

The old man shook his head.

"Look here, my lad," he said, laying his hand affectionately on Anderson's shoulder "why can't you take it like a man? This here looks and feels like a derelick, and is to us like the old May; but bless you, it aint no ship at all, no more than we're living corpusses. If a real craft was to come along, she'd go right through us, and never do us no harm."

"Very well, old fellow," said Anderson, smiling; "Then let's go below, and seem to eat, and have what I've longed for—a good wash in soft water."

When they came once more on deck, refreshed and revived to a wonderful extent, Anderson was smoking a cigar, and Basalt hewing a chump off a fresh cake of fine tobacco.

"I should like to fathom it if I could," Anderson said, looking round in search of something to indicate the cause for the ship's desertion. "I can't make it out at all, why so good a ship, in such a capital trim, was forsaken."

"She wasn't forsaken," growled Jerry; but he did not speak in quite such tones of conviction—perhaps the glass of grog below had placed body as well as spirit in trim.

"Well, what we have to do is to make the nearest port if we can, and get men and take her home. Jerry, old fellow, if ever two poor wretches had cause to thank God, we are those men."

Jerry nodded shortly, and seemed obstinate enough to be alive.

"There's a little wind coming," said Anderson, after another look round. "We're a small crew, Jerry, but we must make the best of it," he continued, smiling. "Let's try and make the Cape; what do you say?"

The old man nodded shortly, and felt his legs slowly all down; after which he began to peel a bit of ragged skin, the remains of a sun-blister, from his nose, but in doing so he continued the decortisating process with the sound skin, and made his nose smart and bleed to such an extent that he stamped his foot upon the deck, and rapped out a fine full-bodied, salt-water oath.

Anderson burst out laughing.

"I don't care," growled the old fellow, who divined the cause of the other's mirth. "I said before, and I stick to it, we're both dead, and this here's a phantom ship. Because I feel a bit o' pain when I bark my nose, does that prove otherwise? Not it. Feelings is the same in the world or out of it."

"Never mind," said Anderson. "Do you think we can set the fore-topsail?"

"To be sure we can; but lash the wheel first."

They went together to the wheel—Anderson to the spokes, and Basalt ready with a piece of rope.

At the touch the spokes flew round, and the mystery of the ship's desertion was explained—the rudder had been swept away by the waves, leaving the vessel helpless for the time.

"Punishment it is!" cried Basalt triumphantly.

"What?" exclaimed Anderson, startled at his companion's earnestness.

"Punishment!" roared the old fellow, slapping his thigh.

"What we've got to do is this—go on sailing a ship without a helm for ever and ever, amen, so be it."

"Perhaps," said Anderson. "But first of all, we'll set to and contrive a rudder to help us into port."

"Should we?" said Basalt, rather discomfited.

"Yes," said Anderson, smartly; for rest, refreshment, and the knowledge that he had a good ship beneath his feet had wrought wonders in an incredibly short time.

"What, and go in for salvage?" said Basalt, manifesting a disposition to come back to life.

"Yes," said Anderson, brightening up as he thought what form he should like his salvage to take.

"I wonder how Betsy is," said Basalt to himself.

"Jerry, my boy, bear a hand," said Anderson, with flashing eyes; "we are only two live men; but we have the spirit of fifty such curs as deserted the dear old May. Let's ask God's help on our undertaking, and sail the dear old vessel safely home with her cargo, which I'll vow is a valuable one.

"Let's do it, my lad, and show these rascally shipowners that British sailors are made of too good stuff to be drowned in their cursed rotten hulks. Bear a hand there with the axe, and cast loose those spare spars—if you've life enough left in you," he added, looking him through and through.

The old fellow's face assumed a comical expression of hesitation; and then hauling at his waistband, and giving a kick out behind, he slapped his thigh, sent a jet of tobacco juice over the side, and shouted—

"Ship ahoy, there! Jolly Sailors, ahoy! Bear a hand there, you lubbers, and we'll make port before you know where you are. The Flying Dutchman's come back from his cruise, and Jeremiah Basalt's alive and kicking."

* * * * * *

It was not the easiest task in the world to undertake this navigating of a rudderless vessel, deserted by her full crew, to a haven of safety; and more than once John Anderson felt disposed to give up in despair. But the spirit in him forbade that, and, well seconded by Basalt, he worked on.

"Lord love you! There's some pleasure in working now," said the old man, who had thoroughly set aside his ideas of the future time.

"Here we have stout timbers, and the rigging of a well-found ship. Cape!—sail to the Cape? Why, I'd undertake to navigate her right round the world."

"Without a rudder?" said Anderson, quietly.

The old man's answer was to hail a shower of blows down upon the spar with the hatchet he held, making the chips fly in all directions.

For this was the first task to achieve if they hoped to reach port—the scheming of something in the shape of steering apparatus before the wind rose, otherwise they would be at its mercy, rolling in the trough of the sea.

It was a strange machine they contrived, by lashing short pieces of spar together, and then bolting stays on to the sides to keep them in their places; and, as Basalt said, the waves would have to handle it very gently if it was to help them to port. And when it was made, there was still another difficulty—that of getting it over the side. But they accomplished this, and floated it astern, while the sea was as calm as a mill-pond.

Yet again another difficulty—to get it shipped after a fashion, and rigged with ropes that would enable them to steer.

"It took a deal of trying," Basalt said; but they meant to do it, and do it they did; so that clumsy as the construction was, it roughly answered the purpose.

"Only think of the salvage," said Basalt, "let alone the saving of one's precious life! I've been down below and had a look—tea, my lad, and cochineal, and silk. Only get her home, and we're made men for good."

"It would be ruin to Mr. Hailey to lose such a ship," said Anderson.

"I don't know about that," was the next remark.

"What with insuring and underwriting,

it strikes me as owners don't want their cargoes run."

"Don't speak in that way of Mr. Halley," said Anderson, sternly. "He, at least is an honorable man."

"So you said of Rutherby and Co.," said Basalt, gruffly. "It strikes me that they're all tarred with the same brush."

Anderson did not answer, but went aloft to hoist a staysail, with the effect of making the fine ship yield softly to the breeze, and begin to forge slowly through the water.

For awhile all went well with them. They had provisions in plenty, and fine weather; so calm, indeed, that they were able to rest in turn, and thoroughly recoup their exhausted strength.

Anderson's wound was pretty well healed, and every day saw them a little nearer to port.

But neither Anderson nor Basalt felt unmixed satisfaction; for their thoughts kept recurring to the missing crew and their probable fate.

"Can't say much for their chance," said Basalt, shaking his head.

"I won't say serve them right; but I do say as they ought to have stuck to their ship."

"When she was sinking?" said Anderson quietly.

"Well, no, I won't say that," said the old man.

"But we aint no time for talking. Here's a breeze springing up, and no hands to shorten sail. I thought things was too bright to last."

Basalt was right; a stiff breeze was coming up, and a glance in the wind's eye appeared to threaten something worse. Lulled to something like a sense of security by the soft gales that had wafted them along, they had, by degrees, shaken out sail after sail, till they now had more upon the ship than it seemed likely they could get in before the wind was too much for them.

There was no time for consideration. John Anderson's orders were short and sharp.

The wheel was lashed, the sheets of the topsails cast loose, and the canvas left to flap and fly, while the two men set to work to try and get in the foresail.

The wind, though, increased rapidly; and before many minutes had elapsed, Basalt aloft on one side of the yard looked along at Anderson on the other.

"Yes," said Anderson's eyes, in answer to the interrogation; and Basalt hurried along the stirrup to his side, when, heaving with all their might, the two men strove to gather in the stiff, flapping folds of the great sail.

Now they mastered it a little, and made some way; but the next minute, puff! the canvas bellied out like a balloon, and was dragged from their hands.

"Try again," said Basalt; and they tried again and again, but always with the same result.

Two men could not perform the work of seven or eight; and as they grew weaker with their exertions, so did the sail become more masterful; flapping, snapping, and beating about in the wind, till it threatened to tear them from the yard.

"Never say die!" shouted Basalt, cheerily; and then, "heave my lad now then with a will."

The great sail flew up, curled over, and enveloped Basalt; and, as breathlessly, Anderson clung to the yard for his life, his companion was snatched from his side; then, as the vessel heeled over, thrown into the sea to leeward, with the ship dashing fast through the water.

For a few horrified moments, Anderson clung there, aghast and desponding; but the sight of Basalt's face turned appealingly up, as it rapidly glided astern, roused him to make an effort.

In an instant more he had seized one of the sheets, swung himself clear, and slid to the deck.

In another instant, he was running to the poop, opening his clasp-knife as he did so, and with two cuts he had set free the life-buoy, which he held aloft in both hands for a moment or two, that Basalt might see what he was about, and then he hurled it astern with all his might.

He groaned as he did so; for the vessel was flying ahead with the sail she still had on, and it seemed to him that he was to be robbed of the companionship of his faithful old friend.

It was no time, though, for groaning; and running to the wheel, he cast loose the lashings, put the helm hard up, and then looked anxiously for the result.

Bad as were his appliances, though the ship slowly answered to the call made upon her, rounding to and making head in the opposite direction to that in which she had been going.

It was a forlorn hope; and on this tack, for want of proper sail trimming, the ship sailed horribly, laboring against the seas that seemed to resent her approach.

Lashing the helm once more, Anderson now ran to the side to see if he could make out Basalt; and for an instant he sighted him, as he rose far away upon a wave, but only to disappear the next moment.

Anderson ran back to the wheel, unlashed it, and tried to send the ship's head in the direction of the drowning man.

For a minute he was successful, and the ship seemed to make a leap in the required course—the waves foaming by her as she leaped to meet them.

It was but a minute, though, and then Anderson knew that he had been overtasking his work; for suddenly, just as he felt most hopeful, and knew that he was nearing Basalt, the wheel gave way, sending him heavily upon the deck; the ship heeled over gradually, settled into the trough of the sea, and, as Anderson slowly gathered himself up, half stunned by his fall, a great hill of water seemed to rise slowly, to make a bound, and deluge the deck fore and aft.

The temporary rudder had given way.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW JOHN ANDERSON SWAM FOR TWO LIVES.

JOHN ANDERSON knew that a sailor must never despair, even though death stood by beckoning him, and saying that his time had come.

His life was one long struggle with the grim shade; and had he been of a cowardly, weak nature, he might, again and again, have given way to despair.

But certainly, now, matters were at the blackest. Basalt was drowning; the ship was rudderless, and lay helpless and rolling, with the waves breaking over her.

What could he do?

The answer came at once: he must risk all, and lower down the boat, if he could, trusting to Providence for the chance of regaining the ship.

Fortunately they had patched up the hole stove in her, and she now hung at the davits ready for use.

Jumping into her, and holding the falls in his hands, he lowered away till she kissed the wave that rose to meet her. Another instant, and as she lifted he had cast off one fall, and almost by a miracle the other unhooked itself.

To seize an oar was the work of another moment; and, pushing off, he had it directly over the stern, and was sculling away in the direction in which he hoped Basalt to be.

He knew that the old man was a good swimmer, and there was just a chance that he might have reached the life-buoy. It was a thread-like chance to cling to, though; and as he rose upon each wave, and looked around, his heart sank lower minute by minute; for he was receding fast from the ship the sea was getting higher, and not a glimpse of the swimmer could be seen.

He altered his course, sculling with all his might—his standing position giving him a chance of seeing in all directions, as the frail boat rose to the crests of the waves.

Again he changed his course, sculling almost at random; for the minutes sped on, and not a sign of the drowning man could be seen.

Then, suddenly, Anderson uttered a cry of joy, loosened his hold of the oar, darted forward, and, as the boat slid down the side of a hill of green water, he leaned over and caught the life-buoy.

He sank, mute and despairing; for he had drawn the light cork ring into the boat, and it had no despairing, dying clutch upon it.

But what was that?—faint almost as a whisper.

A weak, gurgling, appealing cry, borne on the wind to reach his ears—

"My God!"

The dying, appealing cry of a drowning wretch to his Maker; and, as it passed away Anderson was again at the stern of the boat, sculling away with all his might in the direction from which the sound had seemed to come.

Water—water!—great, green waves, with silvery, foaming crests; but no Basalt, no agonized face, no outstretched hands. Good heavens! had he been so near to him, and yet not been able to save?

In his agony, John Anderson so plied his oar that the stout ash blade bent again, while with starting eyes he gazed here, there; and then uttering a cry of joy, gave a leap that sent the boat rocking back through the water as he parted the waves, disappearing for a few moments, and then reappeared, swimming boldly and bravely towards that which had caught his eye for an instant amid the foam of a breaking wave—one crook-fingered hand making its last despairing catch at life.

It was a bold dash, and one that needed nerve and strength; for as he swam on, with the salt spray at his lips, it was with the waves seeking to buffet him back, and bear him helplessly away to his death. No help at hand—nothing to depend on but his own stout arms, and his trust in God.

And what had he set himself to do, there in mid-ocean, with miles of water below him? To save the drowning man, to bear him to the boat, to get him on board, and then once more to reach the ship!

For an instant, as the thought of all this flashed through John Anderson's brain, a cold feeling of despair, like the hand of death clutching him, seemed to pass through his veins, unnerving him, and making him for the instant helpless.

His limbs felt numbed, and a wave broke in his face so that the briny water gurgled, strangling in his nostrils. But with a cry that was almost a shriek, he uttered the words—

"May, dear May!"

And on the instant his strength came back as the strength of a lion. He rose in the water, shaking the salt spray from his eyes and hair, and struck out again bravely; rose again on the summit of a wave, and then bending over, he turned, and, as he descended, plunged down head first beneath the coming wave, driving through it, to make the next moment a superhuman effort, and clutch, when it was almost too late, the rough hair of Jeremiah Basalt.

There was no danger, no risk of being grappled by the drowning man; for as Anderson clutched the hair, he drew towards him a stiff, apparently inanimate body, which yielded to his motions as he turned and struck out for the boat.

Twice came the cold chill upon Anderson again as he swam on, like two whispers from the unseen world.

First, it was as if to tell him that he had come too late; and next, that he would never regain the boat.

It was cruel work then, for the thoughts seemed to paralyze him; but, fighting against them, he swam on, sighting the boat as he rose on the waves, losing it as he descended into the hollows.

Slow—slow—slow!—a heavy, long drag, with the boat always, as he rose, seeming to be the same distance off.

And now it seemed to the swimmer that he was being encased in a suit of lead, which was making his limbs cold and heavy, so that he had never swum before—with a slow heavy, and weary stroke, which did not raise his chin above the water. That inert mass too, that he had turned over, and was dragging by one hand—how it kept him back!

For one brief instant he felt that he could not reach the boat, and drag Basalt there as well; and the temptation came upon him strongly to leave him.

It was but to open that one left hand. The body would sink; and it was but a dead body, something seemed to whisper him.

But John Anderson's life had been one of struggles against temptations; and this was but one more of a long list to conquer. He set his teeth, and drove the cowardly thought behind him, as, giving another glance in the direction of the boat, he threw himself upon his back, and striking out fiercely with his feet, he changed hands, and, holding Basalt's hair with his right he brought the half-numbed left into play, and with it forced the water behind him.

It was no simple floating in calm water, but a dire struggle for life; and, in spite of his brave efforts, Anderson felt that he was nearly spent.

The water was bubbling about his nostrils singing in his ears, and that boat, like a phantom, seemed to elude him, for he could not reach its side.

"All over! May! Mother!" Was he to die like this? The boat!—where was it? "Thank God!"

It was time for he had not another stroke in his enfeebled arms, when one hand struck her side, and with a despairing effort he got one arm over—hooking himself on the gunwale, as it were—and hung there panting, when, to his intense delight, Basalt made a feeble effort to clutch the side as Anderson held his head in the water.

The feeble hand glided over the side; but after waiting for a few moments, Anderson made an effort to raise him, and the old man also got an arm over and hung there, with his head back and eyes dull and filmy, insensible apparently, but clinging instinctively for life to the tilted boat.

The rest and sense of security brought strength back in great strides to John Anderson; and after a while he made an effort, and hoisted himself over the stern into the boat.

Then, after another five minutes' rest, he placed his arms under those of Basalt, and dragged him in, to lie helpless at the bottom of the boat, with his head upon one of the thwarts.

Then, weak and panting still, with his breath coming slowly and hoarsely from his chest, he picked up the oar, and put it over the stern, to turn the boat's head; and a cold chill fell upon him as he saw how distant they were from the ship.

"We shall never reach her," he groaned aloud.

"Three cheers for the Merry May!" said a faint voice, and Anderson started with joy.

The old man's eyes rolled slowly towards him, and seemed to fix his for a moment, but in a dull, sleepy fashion, which seemed to indicate that he did not realize his position. Then he closed his eyes, heaved a sigh, and said, softly—"Never say die!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW MR. TUDGE TOLD AN UNPLEASANT TALE.

IT was a busy time for Mr. Tudge. He was always backwards and forwards at Canonbury, for Mr. Halley kept seriously ill, and leaned on him more and more for help while May nursed her father night and day.

The dates came, and Rutherby's first bills were met.

"Thank goodness," sighed Mr. Halley that evening, when Tudge pointed out the entry. "Mr. Longdale has been very kind in his inquires about my health."

"And Mr. Merritt?" said Tudge.

"Most attentive—here every day," said Mr. Halley.

Tudge looked anxious; but only muttered to himself, "Wait a bit," and went on with his statements of payments.

Time went on, and Rutherby's other bills came due, and were met.

"Thank goodness!" said Mr. Halley, "that's done, Tudge."

"Yes," said Tudge, "that's done." And he wanted to ask a question, but he forebore.

The next day he was up again at Canonbury, and May was in the room, looking very pale, but perfectly calm.

"Ah, Tudge!" said Mr. Halley; "the doctor says I'm better to-day, and I feel that I am."

"Thank God for that!" said Tudge, fervently; and May's soft, white hand glided into his.

"Hasn't Longdale sent to-day either, May?" said the invalid, pettishly.

"Not yet papa," said May, quietly; and she glanced wonderingly at Tudge, who, hidden behind the curtain, was looking radiant.

"Ah! he sent yesterday morning, but he always sent in the evening too. What had Philip to say last night?"

"He did not come last night, papa," said May, quietly.

"Not come last night? Well, this morning, then?"

"Perhaps he is out of town papa," said May, rising to leave the room.

"Ah, perhaps so," said Mr. Halley; and then he lay back muttering to himself. After this he sat up, and the accounts were gone into.

The next day Tudge had better news, but he was very sparing of it. Mr. Halley was to be a few hundreds to the good, instead of to the bad; but Mr. Halley was very much out of temper: Longdale had not sent to ask after his health, and Philip Merritt had not been near the house for some days.

"And I can get no explanation from May, Tudge," said Mr. Halley. "I'm so anxious about it, for her sake."

"Ah, let it rest now till you get stronger," said Tudge, quietly. "Lovers' tiff perhaps."

"Ah, perhaps so," said Mr. Halley; "but she must be careful. I'll tell her so; for it's important now that she should not trifle with so good a match."

A month glided by, and Mr. Halley was able to leave his bed, and had made up his mind to seek out and have an explanation with Merritt; for he could learn nothing from May—only that she had parted from him kindly upon the last evening of his visit.

"But she don't seem to mind it a bit, Tudge—not a bit," said Mr. Halley; "in fact poor girl, I half think she would like to give the matter up."

"Do you, really?" said Tudge, looking up innocently.

"Yes, for she looks so well and happy now."

"So she does," said Tudge, wiping his glasses, and looking comically at his employer.

"Well, Tudge, I think that will do for to-day," said Mr. Halley, at last. Then, with a sigh—"I think we must now begin to think of a sale, and to take a much smaller house."

"Time enough for that in a month," said Tudge.

"I wouldn't hurry about that till affairs are square at the office; we must have time, and you need not worry yourself till I tell you."

"Tudge," said Mr. Halley, as that gentleman rose to go, and he spoke with tears in his eyes—"you've been like a brother to me."

"Nonsense," said Tudge, shaking the proffered hand very, very warmly. "Nothing to what I mean to be, James Halley. Men were meant to be brothers, and to help one another—God made us on purpose; only the devil's always coaxing us to fall out. There, there, there—you often offered to take me in as a partner. Now I'll come, and we'll start fair and clean again in a small way; that we will, and all shall go well."

"God bless you, Tudge—God bless you!" said Mr. Halley, in a broken voice; and he clung still to the other's hand. "One doesn't know one's best friends till tribulation comes."

"Then hooray for tribulation!" said Tudge, with the tears trickling down his nose—"leastwise, a little of it. And now my dear friend—partner, eh?"

"Ah, Tudge, Tudge, I should be taking a mean advantage of you," said Mr. Halley. "I am a beggar, and I shall never be a business man again."

"Partners it is," said Tudge. "You trust me for taking care of myself, and driving a bargain. I'm all right—got the best of you. But I bring in thirty thousand dollars, all but fifty dollars, and that I'll make up afterwards."

Mr. Halley did not speak, but sat down, and covered his eyes with one hand.

"Now, my dear old friend and partner, I think you have every trust and confidence in me and my words—brains if you like?"

"Yes, yes, Tudge; and if I had listened to you sooner—"

"There, there—never mind that. But, look here; you must be prepared for what you will call a disappointment, but which is for some one a blessing in disguise."

"What do you mean, Tudge?" said Mr. Halley, wearily.

"You wanted to know why you have heard nothing of certain people lately."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Halley, anxiously.

"Shall I tell you why?"

Mr. Halley knew what was coming, and his eyes alone said "Yes."

"You remember the last time they sent or called?"

"Yes."

"It was the day that the last bills were met."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRUST HER.—Confidence is everything between husband and wife; and a woman who loves, desires above all things to be trusted. She would not be ignorant of his troubles or his anxieties. Anything is better to her than to be shut out from the innermost of the life of one who should be all hers, as she is all his. Women, generally, are averse to keeping things to themselves, and a husband if often overdosed with confidence; but many really affectionate men lead, as far as their wives are concerned, a double life. Of that which is not domestic they think it right to say nothing. Some grievous troubles may be upon them, dread of failure; certainly of loss; remorse for some mistake which has plunged them into anxiety, and they make no sign of it, save by a change of manner, which to the women, who are ignorant that they have cares, is incomprehensible. The wife would gladly be sympathetic; but when she knows nothing of her liege lord's trouble, all her boasted intuition cannot keep her from flying to the conclusion that it is a personal matter—that she is no longer loved or that he loves some one else. M. S.

DEAD.

Thick in the path the leaves lie dead;
The days of laughter are gone from me;
The blossom has dropped, and the summer bed;
Swallows are all flown over the sea.
Guessed we never the end—not we!
Of the songs we sang, and the words we said—
Thick in the path the leaves lie dead;
The days of laughter are gone from me.

A Lucky Escape.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"YOU have good looks, you have youth, you have address. Come at once, and I will introduce you to a young lady whose fortune, with her hand, will repair what you have wasted."

Henry Rathburne threw down his uncle's letter and lighted a cigar.

He knew very well, he believed, whom his uncle referred to—a ward of his, Miss Elinor Chauncy, who must by this time be of marriageable age, he considered.

"I'm not a marrying man," muttered young Rathburne, "but when I saw that girl eight years ago, she promised to be a beauty, and a man might do worse perhaps than to take a pretty wife with plenty of money."

He was a dissipated-looking young man of five and twenty, with a black moustache and curling hair, which he made the most of.

He had a fair proportion of brains, but no morals to speak of.

He kept afloat in good society, however, having a knowledge of good-breeding, and a rich uncle, the Honorable Christopher Brudenel.

The Honorable Christopher Brudenel had written him the above letter.

He was partial to his nephew.

Soon the hotel where Henry Rathburne boarded knew him no more.

He left these congenial quarters, and betook himself to the fatigues of a railway journey.

It had been some years since he had been at Ashdon, his uncle's country house.

Eight years before, when he was a rather vicious lad of eighteen, his uncle, in a fit of passion, had forbidden him the house.

But that was one of the many bygones which Mr. Henry Rathburne's relatives were obliged to overlook.

Ashdon, with its white front pillars, its green lawns dotted with flower-laden stone urns, its fountains and whispering ash-trees—Ashdon looked familiar.

He had walked up from the station, leaving his baggage to be sent for.

He had reached the gates of Ashdon by this time, when a man with a blonde beard suddenly approached him.

He had a package of letters in his hand. Apparently he had just arrived, and was in a hurry.

"Were you going in?" he asked.

"Yes," said Rathburne.

The man, who was well-dressed and of good appearance, selected a letter from the number in his hand.

"I have a letter here for Miss Chauncy. Will you be kind enough to deliver it to her personally?"

Rathburne, in good humor assented civilly, and the man passed on, walking rapidly.

"He's not the postman. A tradesman probably," mused Rathburne.

The letter was simply addressed, in clear and uniform writing—

"Miss Chauncy, Ashdon."

He put it the breast-pocket of his coat and turning the handle of the iron gates of Ashdon, walked in.

* * * * * *

Henry Rathburne had delivered that letter with kindling eyes.

Birdie's dark eyes and rosebud mouth were more charming than anything he had ever seen before:

"Yes," said the Honorable Christopher Brudenel, "my ward is very pretty, and so far she has lived a very secluded life. I have thought it best."

"Has she no other friends or guardians, Uncle Chris?"

Uncle Chris, florid and portly, changed color.

"She is an orphan, quite alone, but for—well, in fact, she has another guardian—Aubrey Mordaunt. The rascal wanted to marry her—for her money, you know."

"Of course. What did you do?"

"Told him I had sent her abroad, and sent him posting off to search through all the convent schools in France to find her. Meanwhile, I have sent for you. I want you to marry her—I give you this last chance. Remember, I shall pay no more of your spendthrift bills."

"I shall be very happy, my dear uncle."

Meanwhile, Birdie, though it was past midnight, sat in her chamber, looking out into the moon lighted garden.

It had been a year since she had been outside those garden walls.

How tired she had grown of its wearisome walks and monotonous stillness, only the bright young thing knew.

Her dimpled cheek looked pale in the moonlight; her chin rested in her little hand.

"But if I only could see him once more I would come back here and stay a year contented. I would, indeed! He loves me; he is tender, gentle, kind. I only live, I think, when I am with him. When I am not, I seem to be dying by inches day by day. Do people ever die for love, when they are young and healthy as I am, I wonder? No, I think not," sadly says little Birdie.

And then she turned her mind intently upon other things.

Birdie could not sleep that first night of Henry Rathburne's coming.

He could not sleep very well himself when he first sought his chamber.

Here was an unexampled piece of good fortune.

Birdie was so beautiful and bewitching. He would marry her, pay those tormenting debts, set up a city house, and enjoy life.

He would like to show Birdie to the men of his set—so fresh, so pretty and charming.

Wouldn't they grow green with envy?

He laughed in the darkness with thinking of it.

Fresh and sweet as a half-blown rosebud Birdie certainly was, but Mr. Rathburne, to his surprise, found her also a little thorny.

No, she didn't care to walk in the garden, and she did dislike cigar-smoke, and she wouldn't trouble him to carry her parasol or fan her.

But wouldn't she show him her gold-fish and perch?

They were in the pond, Birdie said, and the maid would give him some crumbs to call them up.

Mr. Rathburne, retired discomfited.

"Birdie," said the Honorable Christopher, the next day, "don't you like my nephew?"

"Not particularly," answers Miss Birdie, with rare courage.

The Honorable Christopher stared.

"Highty-tighty! Such airs are not becoming to you, miss! I have invited my nephew here to pay court to you. I require you to treat him civilly. You are not of age, remember."

"I shall be in two months," replied Birdie quietly, who seemed to have "stitched her eyelids down" to her sewing.

The Honorable Christopher was amazed. Was it possible the girl was no longer afraid of him?

It could not be.

Where had she found courage?

No influence opposed to his own could possibly have been brought to bear on her.

He took no notice of her last remark, but passed grandly from the room.

But days and weeks passed, and though Birdie would sometimes converse with Henry Rathburne, would sometimes let him attend her in feeding her birds in the aviary, and her fish in the fountain, he ever felt the little beauty's disdain.

Birdie's lovely eyes looked him over from head to foot coldly.

Sometimes, when she was very weary of idleness and dulness, she would consent to play a game or two of chess with him, and she allowed him to teach her to ride horseback — by the Honorable Christopher's directions, taking the most sequestered roads, and attended also by his favorite servant, a fellow with rat-like black eyes, who, riding after, watched her like a ferret.

But Birdie did not try to run away, and nobody communicated with her.

"These rides—I suppose they are safe enough," said the Honorable Christopher to his nephew; "but I feel obliged to be a little careful. Mordaunt is a determined fellow. When he finds that he has been deceived, and comes back from France, there is sure to be trouble. But I hope you will have safely married Birdie by that time."

"You have full control of her money, I suppose?"

"Yes, until she is twenty-one, unless she marries before that time. Mordaunt could take every penny at any time, for she always liked him better than she did me, from a child. But, you see, if you cut him out——"

"I see, I see."

But Mr. Henry Rathburne did not look hopeful.

"Well, for Heaven's sake, get on a little faster," grieved the honorable gentleman, who was privately in misery lest certain little liberties he had taken with Birdie's money should be discovered by Mr. Aubrey Mordaunt.

Rathburne thought he was getting on a little faster next day.

A happy smile dimpled Birdie's rosy cheeks all day.

Though she seemed lost in her own thoughts, and did not pay very strict attention to her companion's conversation, she allowed him to walk with her, and was far less thorny than usual.

"It's going to be a fine night—moonlight," remarked Mr. Rathburne, when they went in to tea.

Birdie assented.

"It's cooler out of doors, and the fountain will look very pretty by moonlight."

"So it will," returned Birdie.

"There is a very comfortable seat—that rustic one by the fountain."

Mr. Rathburne's heart rose with a bound when Birdie, with a dazzling smile, said—

"Wait for me there."

He rushed up to his room, after hurriedly whispering his hopes to his uncle, and drenched his handkerchief with cologne.

Then hastily scribbling a letter to a pressing creditor, to the effect that his bill should be settled soon, he went down and sought the rustic seat by the fountain to wait for Birdie.

He waited until the fountain had flung up and the basin caught a hundred gallons of water, until the birds had sung themselves hoarse and gone to bed.

Weary from sitting so long, sleepy and stiff from the dampness of the heavy dew, Mr. Rathburne rose at last, and abandoned his post in despair.

Birdie had not come, certainly was not coming, for—Mr. Rathburne looked at his watch in the moonlight—it was past ten o'clock.

He moved stiffly along the path, entered another, stooped to pick up a letter which lay there.

It was addressed to Birdie. Mr. Rathburne thought it looked familiar, somehow.

He had no scruples about reading it.

"MY DEAR BIRDIE:—I know now where you are, and I am near you. Do not grieve any more. Be happy; all will soon be well. As soon as I have taken some steps to ferret out a wrong which is being done you, I will take you out of Brudenel's care. A carriage will wait just beyond the south gate of Ashdon, at ten o'clock, on the night of August 30th, to bear you away with me to become my own beloved little wife. I will place you safely in my own home with my mother, while I return to fight Brudenel in his own den. I shall take my chances of getting this to you by asking the favor of his good-for-nothing nephew to place it in your hands. He comes courting you. I think he will do it.

"In haste,
"AUBREY."

There came before Henry Rathburne a vision of the fine-looking man with a big blonde beard.

He looked up, and stood staring blankly at the open gate of Ashdon.

There were the marks of carriage-wheels without and a handkerchief of Birdie's in the dust.

He rushed into the house—to the honorable's bedside, and awakened him.

Pell-mell they tumbled upstairs to Birdie's room.

The cage was empty; the bird had flown.

"The letter—how did she get it?" yelled the honorable. "I have not a servant who dares accept a bribe!"

"I suppose," confessed Birdie's would-be suitor, "that I brought it to her when I came. He was a business-like looking man, with a big blonde beard."

"Mordaunt!" yelled the Honorable Christopher. "We are lost!"

As, indeed, they were.

THE EFFECT OF INTOXICANTS.

ONE who has made a study of the effects of different drinks remarks that a gin drinker will resist the influence better after the first few drinks and become more helpless after he has had his quantum than the majority of drinkers of spirits.

He recovers easily, however, and, although he often gets sick, will, as a rule, follow his nose with considerable fidelity.

The whisky drinker gets lively and excited in his cups, and often hard-headed and obstinate. His gyrations are the most eccentric of all.

The peculiarity of this liquor is its bracing power, and it is followed by a cerebral activity not always pleasurable. Whisky is popular because it "takes right hold of a man."

He seldom falls, when we consider the intricacy of his method of walking, and when down is not apt to stay so unless he has arrived at that stage of insensibility which is a common effect of overdoses of all intoxicants. Common whisky is a bad drink on account of its large amount of amylic poison.

The drinker of St. Croix rum does not talk so loud nor gesticulate so much as his whisky companion, and is usually more clear headed. But he is liable to a sudden weakness in the knees which lets him down unexpectedly.

In walking, mild cases will go straight ahead for a few steps, and then suddenly dive sidewise. They seldom get so wild as the whisky drinkers.

The lovers of Irish whisky take a sort of cow-path route and in the country prove more curious pedestrians than in the city, where the houses keep them in a straighter line.

Consumers of that brand generally fall straight forward; sometimes, however, they go in a heap and—so to speak—turn themselves inside out suddenly.

In applejack the victim falls almost always upon his back. In walking he will raise his feet as though trying to move skyward. This curious fluid is unerring in its capacity for inducing quick intoxication, and as a sleeping dose, is more potent than rye.

Scotch whisky develops an easy, rolling, liberal sort of gait, and its victims are noted for holding long conversations with themselves.

He will often keep straight after the power of speech has fled. In Edinburgh they frequently stand so still on the sidewalk that a suspicious policeman will touch them in order to ascertain their condition. However gently touched, they will, if drunk, fall at full length.

Drinkers of Jamaica have a tendency to topple over to the right side. They show considerable power of standing on one leg; it is the effort to put the other one forward that mixes them up.

Brandy drinkers are the quietest of all. But it is a killing drink on account of its dangerous adulterations. Its victims go off suddenly. Their walk is marked by eccentric sidewise episodes indictive of impending paralysis.

An excess of wine makes men jolly and develops their mellow qualities. It does not often produce more than a respectable stagger, as a man will often sicken with it before it produces its full alcoholic effect. Giddiness and a loose, indifferent walk are frequent effects of the heavier wines.

A beer drinker—a heavy one—often pays more for his folly, in both ill health and money, than any others. It is the worst possible drink as an intoxicant, and the excess of fluid bears heavily on the secretory functions. The beer walk is an awkward, cumbrous fling, reminding one of a man lame in both legs.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF COLORS.—White is the emblem of purity and innocence; black, of death and despair; pink, of youth and love; yellow, of jealousy; blue, of constancy; green, of hope; red, of passion; violet, of friendship; brown, of indifference.

CELIBACY.—Anciently, celibacy was at all times less respectable than marriage, and, among some nations, it was attended with great inconveniences; the Romans would not administer an oath, or receive as a witness, any person but those who were married; and Augustus inflicted punishment on those who were not married—perhaps by compelling them to marry.

PLUCKING.—The purport of this classical phrase is not perhaps quite understood in this country. It is a sort of analogical and allegorical phrase in the English universities, and implies that the party said to be plucked has failed in giving satisfaction at his examination for his academical degree, and is sent back to learn more ere he can attain the learned step to which he aspires.

MEASURING TREES.—In order to ascertain the height of an object, a peculiar method of measurement is in use among the Isthmus Indians. In measuring the height of a tree, for instance, a man proceeds from its base to a point where, on turning the back towards, and putting the head between the legs, he can just see the top; at the spot where he is able to do this he makes a mark on the ground, and then paces the distance to the base of the tree; the distance is equal to the height.

A KING'S HOUSEHOLD.—Frederick William I., King of Prussia, was a very economical gentleman indeed. He had a linen apron and oversleeves to wear over his best home suit when busy in his cabinet, and he would not wear his "best things" on rainy days. His children were plain homespun serge while they were little, and very plain garments after they were grown; and, for the sake of cleanliness, silk hangings, curtains, and carpets were banished; and wooden chairs and tables, that might be scrubbed, were used in the private apartments.

A CONTINGENCY.—If a private country gentleman, in Cheshire, England, about the year 1730, had not been overturned in his carriage, it is extremely probable that America, instead of being a free republic at this moment, would have continued a dependent colony of England. This country gentleman happened to be Augustus Washington, esquire, who was thus accidentally thrown into the company of a lady, who became his wife, who emigrated with him to America; and, in the year 1732, at Virginia, became the envied mother of George Washington the great.

ABSURD WAGERS.—The city of Charlerol, in France, has been made conspicuous as the scene of some singular wagers. Monsieur S. staked a considerable sum that he would ride ten leagues on horseback before a snail crawled ten inches on a marble table sprinkled with powdered sugar. The same gentleman made another bet with one of his friends, that he could remain the longest up to the neck in the river Sambre. After he had been six hours in the water, Monsieur S. sent for his nightcap, as it was his intention to remain there all night, upon which his rival gave up the contest.

LAVENDER IN ANCIENT TIMES.—Lavender so common now, also easily procured, was in ancient times worth more than its weight in gold. It was the "spikenard" of the ancients, and formed the basis of a very precious ointment, in the manufacture of which the leaves of the plant were employed. The great value of "spikenard" ointment is mentioned in the Gospel of Mark. It is also known that the lavender spikes or blossoms sold for one hundred Roman denarii, or over fifteen dollars in our currency, per pound. Thus it will be seen that lavender has known better days.

THE CROSS-MARK.—The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make instead of their signature is in the form of a cross, and this practice, having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariable proof of such ignorance. Anciently, the use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons; for among the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write. In those times, if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof positive that he was in holy orders.

DOWRY OF A HINDOO BRIDE.—One of the daughters of Ameer Goolam Baba, Naboh of Surat, is about to be married at Surat. The procession which carried the bride's dowry to the bridegroom's house is worthy of special mention. A number of elephants, horses, carriages, and a sort of chairs, led the procession. After them came a number of female servants, all in snow-white clothes, each bearing in her hands a covered tray. About fifty youths followed with rosewater decanters of silver on silver salvers. Then came 500 coolies, some with magnificent bedsteads, with curtains, pillows, etc.; others with swings, benches, boxes, cupboards of various designs, sofas, chairs, tables, and, in short, all the paraphernalia of a modern house. These were followed by seventy-five women, each carrying a tray of sweetmeats. One hundred men with cooking utensils brought up the rear. Some of these men carried on their heads basket loads of lamps, wall shades, chandeliers, etc.

BEE AND BIRD.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

I heard a pleasing song to-day,
A humming-bird flew by a flow'r.
"Who is it sings?" calls out a bee,
"This busy, busy working hour?"
"'Tis that small bird that just up-flew,"
The humming-bird made answer true;
"The meadow-lark so blithe and trim."
"Worked I not I might sing like him,"
Replied the bee.

"I labor for the good of man,
"And gather sweets and hasten home
"It is a marvel unto me,
"How some folks much abroad can roam,
"And yet expect to live and thrive,
"So far away from any hive."
"Each labors well in his own way,
"By Fate disposed, so people say,"
Replied the bird.

But the lark sang oh as he upward flew,
And what they said he never knew.

PRINCE AND PEASANT.

A Story of Russian Life.

BY MRS. W. H. HILL.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

STERNBERG IS OFF WITH HIS OLD LOVE.

ALEXIS knew Zoe had never left Dago, and had seen very few people in her short life, perhaps——

"Zoe, how do you know the man you love loves another?" he asked in a quick whisper, and bent his lofty head to catch her answer.

"Because he told me he did," she said sadly.

"Zoe!"

The single word made her look up quickly and then the truth came in upon them both like a flash of lightning!

Zoe looked up in Alexis' face, and he gazed down into the depths of the blue wistful eyes raised to his, the child-like, innocent eyes.

"Yes, Zoe, we are happy at last, my child," said Alexis, in a deep, passionate whisper, and, taking the pure pale face between his strong brown hands, he kissed it gently.

What a deep strong feeling of joy and peace fell on their hearts, in that quiet happy moment.

All doubts and fears fell away like morning mist before the glance of the summer sun.

They knew they must confess their love, and perhaps meet opposition, but they trusted each other, and were unutterably happy.

"Good-night, Zoe," said Alexis, as they parted at the top of the great stairs. "Good-night, my darling," and stooping, he kissed her sweet lips in the silent darkness, and she left him with a happy, grateful heart.

* * * * * *

Zoe, what is this that you tell me?"

The speaker was Vassili.

He sat in his chair, his elbow resting on his study table, his head on his hand.

Zoe stood before him, her slender hands clasped together, her wistful child-like eyes full of entreaty.

Vassili was pale, and his face wore a sterner look than Zoe had ever seen before.

His dark blue eyes were full of angry surprise, and the soft wistful ones of his niece fell before their glance.

"You do not love Sternberg? Why did you promise to marry him?"

The question was put in a gentler tone than the girl expected.

"It was so sudden!" she pleaded. "I did not know Alexis loved me then."

"Ho!" cried Vassili. "Alexis!"

"Yes, dear uncle, do not be angry with me. He is very unhappy, too. Pere Hieronimo says it would be very wrong to marry the Baron when I love Alexis."

"Why did you promise Sternberg? Zoe, a woman should never trifle with hearts—it is wrong, very wrong."

Vassili could not speak harshly to her—she stood before him so humbly.

The pleading eyes, the clasped hands, the piteous, childish mouth, appealed to his heart, and she was forgiven already.

"I did not, my uncle!" she said, eagerly. "I tried so very hard to love him—I did indeed."

Vassili sighed deeply.

What was to be done?

Sternberg was his oldest friend, and his heart was set on this marriage.

But how could he force this child to marry him when she loved another?

"Zoe, kiss me and go away. Send Alexis to me, and Zoe, you must tell Sternberg this bad news yourself. No, I cannot. Run away and find him. I'll have nothing to do with it."

Poor Zoe's face fell, but she turned away, for her uncle's will was law.

Alexis soon presented himself before Vassili.

His grave, dark eyes were full of anxiety, and he almost trembled before the stern-looking, white-haired man.

Vassili was angry, and he showed it.

With the child he had veiled his annoyance and spoken gently, but when he had another man to deal with it was different.

"Sit down, Count Alexis," Vassili said coldly.

Alexis obeyed, though a slight flush came into his dark cheek at the unwonted formality.

"Zoe has distressed me very much by telling me that after promising her love to the oldest friend I have in the world, you have won her young heart. I will not reproach you save by saying that you are the last man in the world I would have suspected of such conduct."

"Stop, Count Platoff! What is it you accuse me of—winning your niece's heart after it was given to another man?"

Alexis had risen, and now stood near the Count—his dark honest eyes flashing out his indignant denial of the charge.

"Yes, I say you are the last man I would have suspected, but you have done this. You came here knowing that Zoe was about to be betrothed to Baron Sternberg, yet in the face of this fact you won her heart away from her affianced husband. Was this an honorable action?"

"Count Vassili, how can you believe me guilty of such conduct? I came here with love for Zoe, the warm true love that enabled me to win a name and a place worthy of her. I came with that love strong in my heart. I found her promised to another, and I concealed my love. I saw her day after day, and I saw that she was not happy, but I forbore to ask her why, I could not trust my own heart to do it. One night I determined to go away. I could stand it no longer. I could not stay and see the girl I had loved for three years, and felt certain I would love all my life, given to another man. I went to the chapel to pray for strength to do this, help to leave Zoe forever. It was harder to make up my mind to do this than you can think, Count Platoff—you, who know nothing of love. Well, when I reached the chapel I found Zoe there. I should have gone away, but I staid. I knelt beside her. She did not know I was there, and she was weeping. You can not understand why I could not bear to see her weep, why I must try to comfort the woman I loved, but I do. I spoke to her. At first she was frightened, but I asked her to tell me her sorrow, and I told her mine. Not that I loved *her*, but that I did love some one, and then she told me the same story, and so it came, we found out, we loved each other."

Alexis told his story simply in his grave, deep tones.

He did not try to excuse himself.

He told the truth

Vassili was struck by the calm, earnest manner, the deep heartfelt words, and he could not answer at once.

"I know what you think, Count Platoff. You think I am a peasant. But Zoe loves me. It would make her miserable to take her from me. I could go away when I knew I loved her, but not when I found she loved me. Do not be so hard on the poor child, however hard you are with me. I am strong and can bear it, but she is weak, the poor little one."

The grave dark eyes filled with tears at the thought of trouble for Zoe, and Vassili could not have resisted the noble, manly pleading another moment, had not the door opened and Baron Sternberg entered.

The sight of his old friend looking so thoroughly miserable hardened Vassili's heart.

He took his hand in his, saying:

"I cannot tell you how greatly distressed I am, dear old friend, at the way my niece has behaved. I will refuse my consent to this other marriage. Of course, when she is of age she can please herself, but that is a long time, and, as she has changed her mind once, she may do it again. I——"

"Stop there, Vassili! That is trash you are talking!" cried the Baron. "Refuse your consent? I'd like to catch you at it! Don't abuse Zoe, for she is a dear little girl, and she has told me all about it. She did not change her mind. She has loved good old Alexis all her life, and it is only I that am to blame."

Vassili stared in amazement at this characteristic address from the Baron.

He looked from Alexis to Sternberg, and back again to Alexis.

"Shake hands, Alexis," continued the Baron. "I don't mind giving Zoe up to you, you're such a good fellow. Here, Vassili, shake hands with him, and let him go to console the poor child. She is crying her eyes out."

There was no resisting the Baron.

Vassili shook Alexis heartily by the hand, and told him he wished him joy.

"My only objection to you is removed by Sternberg giving his consent," he said kindly, and Alexis hurried away to comfort Zoe.

When the door closed behind him, Sternberg at once abandoned his air of assumed cheerfulness. "I really feel cheap about this," he said—"quite cheap! You see I've told everybody I was about to get married, and now I must wear the willow. Well, I think I will go away, try change of air. Eh?"

"I am sorry, very sorry. I suppose you have told every one who was to be the bride?"

"By our Lady, no, I have not. Oh, you crafty, white-haired fox! I will marry Alexis' sister. That's how I will fix them. One bride is as good as another—indeed a good deal better."

The Baron sprang up and walked about in a state of great delight at this method of getting out of an awkward scrape.

"Alexis' sister? Which of them?" asked Vassili, a slight shade of annoyance on his brow, a faint tone of vexation in his voice.

"Oh, any of them. The tall one, Zouboff!" replied the Baron, placing his hat on his head, as if to start for a walk.

"Where are you going, Sternberg?" asked Platoff quickly.

"Why, I am going to ask Zouboff to have me—my betrothal is to be next Sunday. I have not much time, I can tell you."

"Sit down, Sternberg; where is the girl?"

"She is out walking with the little red-cheeked one."

"Well, sit down. I want to speak to you. I want to tell you something."

CHAPTER XXXV.

AND ON WITH HIS NEW LOVE.

ZOUBOFF and Natalia were walking on the beach.

The elder sister leant on the arm of the younger, and they conversed together in low tones.

Their faces were sad, and Natalia's still bore traces of tears.

"I am very sorry for him," she said.

"Yes, it is a pity, but still our brother's happiness is dearer to us than Baron Sternberg's."

"Yes, but think of that grand old place! Think of the way it is being fitted up! Do you know, sister, I don't wish to speak unkindly to Zoe, but I think she has been so surrounded by love all her life that she has grown a little selfish."

"Do you, Natalia? Well, I do not. She is very young, a mere child remember, and she feels this affair very much."

"And so she ought. To think of winning the love of a brave, true man, like the Baron, and then coolly throwing it away. Many poor girls never win any man's heart—never have a chance of a home like Sternberg. For instance, look at us; you are beautiful, and I am not ugly, but no man ever loved either of us or ever will, I am afraid."

Zouboff colored and bit her lip, but said nothing.

The sisters walked on till they reached the identical large stone that Zoe had sat upon on the former occasion.

Natalia sat down, and Zouboff stood beside her, looking seaward with her handsome dark eyes.

"Yes, Zouboff, it is strange you are not married—very strange. I am sure plainer girls are getting married every day. What is the reason, I wonder?"

"Never mind, Natalia. We cannot go out and ask people why they do not marry us. If we are to have husbands, they will soon arrive on the scene, and if not, it is no use making a moan over it. Ah! there comes Baron Sternberg and Count Platoff."

The two gentlemen came up and joined the ladies.

Vassili stood beside Zouboff, and the discarded Baron began a lively conversation with Natalia.

"Let us walk on, Zouboff," said the Count.

They strolled along, and Zouboff commenced to talk of the Baron, and express her sorrow for the way in which he had been treated.

"Yes, it is a pity, but I am glad Zoe loves Alexis, he is such a dear good fellow, and just the husband I would have selected for her. It was all a great mistake. Sternberg will be much happier as it is."

Zouboff was surprised at this view of the case, but she fancied Vassili was such a confirmed bachelor that he thought Sternberg would be happier single than as a Benedict.

"I suppose so, but it is a pity the Baron has taken the trouble to have his house refitted if he does not marry."

"Not marry!—but he does intend to marry."

Zouboff was too much surprised by this information to reply otherwise than by a prolonged stare.

"You look very much surprised, Zouboff, but surely Natalia will not refuse the poor fellow because Zoe has treated him so ill?"

"Natalia!" said the girl in bewilderment. "What has she to do with it?"

"Excuse my stupidity, dear Zouboff. Of course you cannot be aware of it. Sternberg has come out to speak to your sister—to ask her to marry him. Do you think she will refuse?"

"On the contrary, I am almost certain that she will say 'yes,'" said Zouboff, candidly. "You see, Count Vassili, both my sister and myself are dependent on our brother and, though Alexis is too kind and good to let us feel that, still my sister and I are old enough to know that, when he marries, we will be a drag on him. Natalia will not refuse the Count, but will accept him. I am glad he is going to ask her."

Zouboff spoke quietly, and Vassili was pleased with the sensible remark she had just made.

"You are right, Zouboff. Your sister will be very happy with Sternberg. He is a good-natured, kind old fellow. He looks so young and his gray hairs won't count against him like mine."

Vassili spoke sadly, and gazed into the distance.

"Sternberg intends to be married on the same day as Alexis—the day they named will do, next Sunday. What do you say?"

"Yes, a very good day," replied Zouboff, also looking straight before her.

"Oh, dear, it is beginning to rain; what will we do?" cried the girl suddenly, not unmindful of her crape and its perishable nature.

"Don't go back, Zouboff, it is so far. Come with me. I know where we can take shelter."

Vassili led the way, and Zouboff followed as fast as she could over the soft sands, gaining fresh speed as the large drops fell on her bonnet.

Vassili uttered an exclamation of disgust as he came on a low stone wall which barred his further progress.

He had not thought of it, and some stunted willow concealed it from view.

"What is the matter?" asked Zouboff, coming up to him.

"This wall. Do you think you could climb it?"

Zouboff smiled.

"I should think so," she said quietly.

"Well, wait till I get over, and then I will help you down. You must take care, for the stones are slippery with the rain."

Zouboff allowed the Count to assist her up, and she stood on the top of the wall.

He began to descend the other side, and Zouboff gazed round her anxiously for the promised shelter.

At length she spied a rude cabin, half buried beneath the willows which grew thickly about.

"Is that the place?" she asked, with mischievous dimples playing hide-and-seek about her mouth.

"Yes," replied the Count, who was nearly over.

Zouboff jumped lightly from the wall, and set off at a run, and before Vassili turned round she was in the cabin.

The Count looked after the flying figure, and followed at almost as undignified a pace.

"Ah! my dear, I've caught you," he said, coming into the hut, and he took her by the wet hands and pressed them warmly.

The cabin was small and rather dark.

Vassili could see the fresh, blooming face, the sparkling eyes, and the red, smiling, very tempting lips; and, before Zouboff was aware of his intention, he took her in his strong arms and kissed her.

"Why did you run away from me?" he asked, and before the girl had time to check him for the first offence, he repeated it.

"Count Platoff!" she exclaimed.

Vassili laughed, and his dark blue eyes danced as he looked down from his great height at his blooming prisoner.

She looked pretty enough to tempt Pere Hieronimo himself to steal a kiss, had the worthy Father been there.

Her dark hair was blown about by the wind and curled up by the rain in tiny rings on her broad forehead and clear red cheeks.

Vassili pushed it back with a loving hand and looked down into her soft dark eyes.

"Zouboff, do you remember the first time I saw you?"

"Yes," said the girl, blushing violently as she recollected their first meeting.

"Well, Zouboff, do you know I have loved you ever since that day. Do you think you could love a white-headed old fellow like me?"

"Yes, I do love you," she said quietly.

* * * * * *

Sternberg proposed, and was accepted by the merry little Natalia, who was very happy indeed as she walked home through the wet, leaning on the Baron's arm.

A little later Zouboff came in with Count Vassili.

The two men met in the Count's study, the two women in Zouboff's room.

The Baron and Vassili smoked a pipe together, and were extremely happy.

The two sisters confided in each other, but neither of them was surprised.

"Vassili told me *he* was going to ask you," said Zouboff—the *he* was intended for the Baron.

"Yes, dear, and the Baron told me that he was going to ask *you*. I am so glad. Now we won't be a burden on dear Alexis."

The sisters took extra pains with their toilettes and hair, etc., and looked radiant and happy.

Alexis heartily approved their decisions, and wished them joy.

It was hard to tell whose face was the happiest at the supper-table that night.

Pere Hieronimo had been told of Zoe's change of feeling, and he was prepared to see the Baron look sad, but the fresh, sunburnt face was merry as ever, the loud laugh as jolly.

Vassili was also extremely cheerful.

Zoe and Alexis hardly knew what to think, but Ulrich, Vassili's old servant, who was one of the men who waited table, looked from his master to Zouboff several times with rather a knowing smile, though he had not heard one word.

Ulrich guessed that Vassili's true love would run smooth.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GUIDO NOSSI.

THE wish which Feodora had often declared was her dearest, had been realized.

She was in Rome—the Queen of Nations!—the Eternal City!

On the night of her arrival at Iwer, she had written to her uncle, and she left Iwer the next morning to go to Moscow to meet him.

Greatly to the righteous horror of Father Angelo and the abbess, she declined to remain at Iwer until after the funeral of the Princess, who died during the night.

She even refused to see the body, declaring that she did not like dead people, and that, as the Princess was no beauty when alive, her appearance, now that she was no more, could not be at all prepossessing.

When the abbess heard these rude words, she washed her hands of the stranger.

Father Angelo asked her if she had sufficient money to live on till the arrival of her uncle from Rome.

She replied that she intended to sell her jewels and live on the proceeds.

"If your uncle is an Italian, I suppose he is also a Roman Catholic? I trust, dear daughter, that you will never forsake the true faith."

"What is that?" inquired Feodora, coolly.

"My daughter, you shock me! The only true faith is that of the Greek Church, of which the Czar is the head—that is, the earthly representative!"

"Oh, yes, I am so glad you told me. I did not know. Well, I can't forsake my church for the simple reason that I have not got one. If the sweet old lady upstairs, who died in the 'odor of sanctity' last night, after cursing me by all her gods is a specimen of the 'shining lights' of the 'only true faith,' I hope I shall pass the remainder of my life in Egyptian darkness."

Father Angelo listened to these impolite, and, as he thought, impious words, with an expression of holy horror, and he forthwith left the stranger alone.

Feodora sold some of her jewels, and took up her residence at an hotel.

Here she waited the arrival of her uncle in Moscow.

He came without delay, and great was the joy of his niece when she once more beheld the small dark man who had so perseveringly spoiled his beatiful niece.

"Ah! Uncle Guido! it is really you! Once more I am happy. I can now go on the stage and begin to live at last."

"Have you not been living when you are a Princess?" asked the uncle.

"No, it is a stage Princess I wish to be now. Oh! my dear uncle, you don't know how tedious it is to be a real Princess—how unutterable wearisome court-life is. I should go mad if I was an Empress, and had always to live on stilts. Thank heaven, it is over and I can breathe again."

Feodora was in Rome, but her uncle was disappointed to find that she cared nothing for the hallowed associations that were dear to his Roman heart.

Feodora reverenced none of the memontoes of the past which threw the old Italian into raptures—she thought only of the present.

She did not scruple to grumble at the narrow, ill-paved streets, and draw unfavorable comparisons between them and the wide streets of St. Petersburg.

St. Peter's, the noblest work of Michael Angelo, Buonarroti, and Raphael, she briefly described as "well enough," but she made amends by declaring the theatre of Apollo heavenly!

She worked hard, and trained night and day; her voice was already well-ecultivated, and, three months after her arrival in Rome she made her *debut* at the theatre of Apollo. It was a success.

Her voice was simply magnificent, her acting first-class, and her appearance irresistible.

She was called before the curtain, and a shower of bouquets fell around her, while a perfect storm of applause shook the vast theatre.

She stood looking divinely lovely, the observed of all, then bowed low and gracefully withdrew.

Next morning she had offers from three managers. She referred them to her uncle, and he accepted the offer of the largest salary, though it well-nigh broke his heart to do so, for Feodora must leave Rome to fill her engagement.

"I was tempted to say no, but the offer is so good, the sum so large. You will travel, and you will win fame, dear Feodora; but I must lose you. It grieves me, it breaks my heart, but I must not think of my grief, I must think of your advancement."

"It is not worth while to think of what does not exist, uncle Guido," said Feodora, coolly.

"What is it that does not exist?" asked the bewildered Italian.

"Your grief, my little old uncle," replied the Prima Donna, springing from her chair, and affectionately clasping him round the neck.

"You need not roll your eyes, or try to shake your head. It does not, and it will not exist, for where I go, you go. Do you think, you smallest and most unselfish, as well as most insignificant of men, that I would allow you to drudge here any more? No, sir; come with me. You must, and shall, you tiniest and best of mortals."

Tears stood in her eyes as she said it, for after all, there is something good in the coldest heart, the hardest nature.

The new Russian Prima Donna won fresh laurels wherever she went, and, famed for beauty though she was, no breath of scandal ever soiled her name. Fast men said she was as cold as the snows of Siberia, and that she had never known, nor ever would know, love.

A small dark man went with her whenever she traveled, and, though he looked strangely unlike one, Feodora always said he was her guardian angel.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THREE HAPPY HOMES.

SIX years have rolled away since the day that three marriages took place in the chapel of Castle Platoff, in the island of Dago. On that day, Alexis became the husband of Zoe, Vassili received Zouboff as his happy bride, and cheerful little Natalia wedded the Baron.

Not one of them has ever repented the step, on the crimson satin, taken on that day.

Indeed, it is hard to tell which of those couple is the happiest.

Vassili and Zouboff have a cheerful home in the old Castle, three children's voices brighten it up wonderfully.

Their eldest child, a noble boy of nearly five years, is called Sergie Roboff Platoff, in remembrance of the well-loved friend who fell in the Crimea. The next, a golden-haired girl, over whose sunny curls three long northern winters have passed, is Octavia; for Vassili has long ago forgiven the brother whose fate is still buried in mystery, and will not be revealed till the day "when the sea will give up its dead." The third treasure is a tiny fat babe, not yet six month old, and his name is still a secret, till the christening day, when Alexis and Zoe, with their three year old son, Vassili Platoff, will arrive from St. Petersburg, the Baron and the Baroness will also come over from Sternberg.

"Papa, will they bring the boys?" inquired Sergie.

"Of course, my son; why do you ask?"

"Because it is such fun when they are all here. There are three Vassili Platoff's, two Alexis Vaulowitsch's, and two Natalia Sternbergs. Oh! it is confusion worse confounded!"

"Hush! Sergie, you must not talk so much," says mamma, reprovingly, though she looks at her husband with the old mischievous dimples about her mouth.

The boy has spoken truly, for the Baron and Baroness have twin-sons, aged five years, and called Vassili and Alexis, and a fat little round-faced girl, named for her mother, and looking exactly like her.

When they are all together, they form one vast and noisy household. The children fill the old Castle with the sound of their happy laughter, and have effectually chased away all the ghosts and all the gloom.

If any, or all of their parents dare to reprove them, they have two staunch friends whom they never fail to appeal to for justice.

These friends are old Annette and Pere Hieronimo.

They are both alive and well, and unite with the youngsters in making common cause against "the old people."

Two deaths have occurred in the Castle since Zouboff came there. Aimee passed quietly away after a long illness. She was quite sensible at the last, and died in her daughter's arms, for Zoe hastened from St. Petersburg on hearing of her mother's illness.

The other death was that of Basil. He threw himself, in a fit of bad temper, from a parapet of the Castle. He was killed instantly, and, though every one was much shocked, he was not regretted, for his temper had grown steadily worse, as he grew older no one dared to approach him.

Dimiri, the Tartar, of whom mention has been made is still at Platoff. He is contented with his state, and well off.

There are no serfs now, but none of Vassili's servants have left him. He is still their kind and beloved master, and, by every means in his power, he strives to render them happy and prosperous.

There are two good schools on the estate, one for children in the day time, and one for grown people at night. They are both well attended, and, though Vassili's people once were serfs, they are intelligent and well-read.

Alexis is a valued officer of the Imperial Guard, and Zoe a dame of honor at the Court. They attend balls and operas, but they are happiest at home, and never allow pleasure to stand before duty.

Alexis has often revisited the scene of his former labors as a wood-carver, and on the day of his son's baptism, gave all the workmen employed a dinner and ball.

He is still the simple-hearted, grave and honest man he was in the old days. Though he no longer wears the peasant's cafetan, he still carries the manly honest heart of a workman in his breast.

[THE END.]

A Great Mistake.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

MR. GARDINER Garrison sat in the easiest chair in the room. It was a handsome room, that cost money to keep up, and at the present moment Mr. Garrison was anxiously expecting news that would decide for him whether or not he would be able to further maintain such bachelor luxuries.

He had not long to wait; one of the servants brought two letters, one from Georgie May, a pale cream-pink missive, addressed in a dainty hand, and exhaling a faint fragrance of violet—a genuine love-letter from the lovely black-eyed girl down in the country who had given him her heart and her vows, and who was blissfully waiting for the coming spring days when she would be his bride.

And Mr. Garrison laid Georgie's letter aside and eagerly took up the other one bearing the same suburban postmark, a yellow enveloped letter, directed in a man's strong resolute handwriting.

Garrison tore it open eagerly, and it told him, in the writer's own characteristic style, that Mr. Garrison's orders had been obeyed, and his instructions fully carried out, and that the consequence was, the writer's assurance that the rumor was correct that Somerset Place had been bought and most magnificently furnished, and was at present occupied by Mr. Gersham Garrison, and that that gentleman had caused it to be understood that visitors were not welcome, and would not be received—that above all others, Gardiner Garrison, his nephew, would be least tolerated.

Mr. Garrison dashed the letter on the floor in a gesture of impatient dismay.

"The old idiot! He will waste his thousands on property that no one beside himself and his servants are ever to see.

"He refuses to see me—his only living relative—and I had dared build on the hope of either being invited to make my home there, or at least, having an income settled on me when he came back, embarrassed with riches, from the East Indies. The old fool!"

He read the letter over again, but there was no overlooked word or suggestion to change the ultimatum expressed.

"All the same—I'll go to Somerset Place and try my luck, welcome or not welcome. I will get into his royal presence by fair means or foul, and if I don't have some sort of luck it's because I am not in such desperate earnest as I know I am."

And then having consulted a time-table, and selected his train, the next evening, at the same hour, found him announced to old Gersham Garrison, sitting in almost royal state in his magnificent library.

"And what do you want with me, young fellow?" he demanded, as Gardiner bowed profoundly.

"Simply to inquire after your health, uncle Gersham, and to express——"

The cruel little green-grey eyes snapped.

"Simply to inquire after your grandmother. None of that now—I know you, like a book.

"You've come to find out, between spying and insinuating, what I am going to do with my money."

"Uncle Gershan," he began, but an impatient look from the gleaming greeny-grey eyes stopped him.

"Of course I've got a fortune to leave to somebody, and a royal one, too. Why, boy, in that brass-bound box there is the most precious legacy imaginable, worth, well it's none of your business.

"Somebody 'll get it. You won't. It'll go to those who have paid more attention to me than you have done by your letters. It'll go to somebody who hasn't set himself up, in the very face of my known disapproval of being engaged and getting married and all that sort of fal-lal.

"You knew just what I think of women, and yet you went and asked one of them to have you, more fool she to say yes."

Gardiner Garrison's handsome eyes shone. Surely he could see the drift of all this that the wicked selfish old man had said.

"I did not know you entertained any opinion averse to women, uncle Gersham. To tell the truth, I don't particularly care for them myself, and I am sure I could shape my views to yours if you so wish."

"You could, eh? No, you couldn't. You wouldn't give up a pretty girl for all that box there holds. I know you, young man. Clear out now, I've seen you long enough."

And Mr. Gardiner Garrison went away half-dejected, half-elated.

"One thing is certain—if I want to get into favor with the old brute, I must break my engagement with Georgie. Then I stand at least a chance, and that chance I must improve, or——"

And with his lips compressed he walked out of the magnificent grounds of Somerset Place, straight over to the big old-fashioned farm-house a half-mile away, when Georgie May saw him coming, and in a happy little impulse threw her scarlet shawl over her head and ran to meet him.

A beautiful little creature, slender and symmetrical, with vivid pink roses on her cheek, and a rapturous sparkle in her big velvety dark eyes as she flew up to him.

"Oh, Gardiner! I am so delighted and surprised! I suppose you imagined from my letter I was just—dying—to see you?"

She linked her arm familiarly through his, laughing up in his face.

"I am afraid when you know what I came for you wont be so delighted, Georgie," he said, for he had made up his mind to lose no time in setting all the machinery in motion that should eventually work to his interest.

She instantly lost all her happy joyousness.

"No? What did you come for, Gardiner?"

His face flushed over so slightly, and an unmistakable look of embarrassment and mortification came into his manner that revealed the whole pitiful truth to the girl who loved him.

A sudden anguished look, strangely mixed with indignation and scorn, flashed into her dark eyes, and she withdrew her arm from his.

"I think I know. Your rich relative has come here, and from henceforth the farmer's daughter is not aristocratic enough for you. Is that it? You wish our engagement broken?"

Even in the midst of her own supreme dismay, she almost pitied him for the look of mortified embarrassment on his face.

"Well—yes, and—no, Georgie. You are wrong in saying——"

"I am not wrong. It will be decidedly better for both of us that the engagement is broken here, now and thus."

And she took the ring off her finger and laid it in his hand.

"I am thankful I have learned your true value in time. Further words are useless. Good afternoon. Good-bye, Mr. Garrison."

And she bowed haughtily, and walked deliberately back to the house, to rush off by herself to her own room and cry and sob and suffer—not because of Gardiner Garrison, but over her fallen idol.

* * * * * *

Spring, with its balmy south winds and up-springing grasses, its robin's songs, and pink and white blossoms against the blue sky, and silence and darkness up in the grand house at Somerset Place, where old Gersham Garrison lay dead, and his nephew, hastily summoned at the eleventh hour, was in charge of everything.

Then, after the grand funeral, came the era in Gardiner Garrison's life, the supreme moment when the lawyer opened the will and read it to the curious ones assembled—Farmer May included.

And Gardiner Garrison learned that all the superb appointments of Somerset Hall were only hired; that the sole wealth of Gersham Garrison was contained in the brass-bound box, which he bequeathed to his nephew, Gardiner Garrison.

And the contents were, a collection of old odd coins, of the value of a few dollars or so.

"I never saw a man so cut up in my life," Farmer May said to his wife, when he had got cozily fixed in his big chair that evening and Georgie sat looking out into the sweet starry dusk.

"He swore the most blood-curdling oath, and pitched the box clear out of the window. I tell you he's a disappointed man, and he wasn't the only one who thought old Garrison was as rich as a Jew.

Georgie turned around, her eyes glittering, her face all one bright flush.

"I'm glad of it, just as glad as I can be. He deserves all, and more than he has suffered. It serves him right."

And the old folks said never a word, although they exchanged a meaning glance.

* * * * * *

The next week a letter came to the farm, four pages of apology, and tenderest professions of shame and penitence, and entreaties to be forgiven and restored, and all the sort of sentiment of which Mr. Gardiner Garrison was capable.

And with just one reading, Georgie thrust it back in its envelope, and penciled on it this:

"I wonder at your impudence in presuming to address such words to one who is an entire stranger to you."

And inclosed it, and posted it.

And when Mr. Garrison received it, he knew how wretched a mess he had made of his life.

The Doctor's Story.

BY O. W. BROWN.

IT was in that merry spring-time which, after the severe winter of the year eighteen hundred and eighty, we all so gladly welcomed, that I accompanied a friend for a few days on a visit to the old town of Dover.

We were on the look-out for a yacht; my traveling companion contemplating a trip to the sunny Mediterranean, to fulfil the double object of spending his money and recruiting his health; there being plenty of the first, and of the latter, maladies more engendered by idleness than any real disorder.

Whilst discussing our bread and cheese in the coffee-room, my attention was drawn to a couple—male and female—seated at a table near us, and engaged in an animated conversation.

The girl who was seemingly about one-and-twenty years of age—was a pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed little creature, with a gentle, pensive cast of countenance and was listening, with intense anxiety, to the conversation of her male companion.

On our entering the room, he glanced at us, and continued speaking to her in a subdued tone.

What particularly attracted my attention, however, was a sudden change noticeable in her appearance, the anxious loving look which she had hitherto regarded him, giving to an expression of intense anguish and horror.

"Oh, Alfred, how terrible!" I heard the little blonde exclaim, and the tears welled up and burst forth unbidden from her large blue eyes. "Why, darling, I might never have known what had become of you!"

And the little hand that reached across the table, clasping his in the outburst of her emotion, displayed a wedding-ring.

"Ah," said the gentleman, with a quiet smile, "it is all well that ends well, dear;" and rising from their places, they left the room.

He was a young man of middle height, with a cheery smiling countenance, and, from the blue suit he wore, gave one the idea of his being connected with a seafaring life.

"A pretty little thing, that," said my friend, as he sipped his sherry.

"Yes," I replied, as I recalled the expression of horror I had seen on her countenance. "I wonder who they are, and the cause of her agitation. Her joy is unmistakable, although in tears. I infer her companion has passed through some terrible ordeal."

The two interested me strangely, as some things will, producing a vague sense of curiosity without any apparent or sufficient reason.

My companion and myself now took a stroll on the pier to see some friends he was expecting to arrive in the steamboat from Calais.

We had not long to wait.

There was the usual noise, confusion, and excitement; the same greetings amongst old friends; the same gesticulations of the excitable French gentleman who could not find his valise; the inevitable spinster carrying a pug dog and innumerable bandboxes; amidst which my friend and his newly-arrived acquaintances returned to "The Lord Warden," leaving me to finish my cigar on the pier.

It was a magnificent night, the moon shining brightly in the heavens, obscured from time to time as swiftly-scudding clouds passed over it.

The countless stars were reflected in the gently-moving waters which sluggishly rolled against the beach.

I strolled homeward and somehow those pretty blue eyes which I had seen fill with tears in the morning kept obtruding themselves on my mental vision.

My way lay past the door of the small hotel where we had lunched, and I could not resist looking in as I passed.

The coffee-room was empty, but the sound of a song and applause in the adjoining room told its own story.

On entering, I found some six or eight smokers of undoubted nautical proclivities, from whose long churchwardens a sufficient quantity of fumes from the fragrant weed was exhaling to render it difficult at first to distinguish objects clearly.

It was a long, low room, with its walls covered with pictures depicting ships in every form of disaster, and holding the mirror up to nature in anything but an attractive form as to the probable results to "those

who go down to the sea in ships;" and there, seated in the corner near the chimney, was the very gentleman who had been in company with the blue-eyed fair one that had so unaccountably aroused my interest and haunted my reflections.

As I entered, a gruff voice exclaimed:

"Well, as I was saying, we lost our propeller, got into the trough of the sea, had our steering gear carried away and——"

"Hold hard, mate; vast heaving. We've heard that old yarn before. We all know how your fires was put out out, and you was tugged into port by the Lively Polly. Now, perhaps the gentleman in the corner, what stood the grog, wouldn't mind spinning a yarn, and letting us hear something new."

The first of these two speakers was a rough old salt who certainly had seen his best days, and looked as though "the bullets and the gout had so knocked his hull about that he'd never more be fit for sea."

The interruption was from a fine, bluff, hearty-looking fellow, who appeared as though all the storms of this wide world could not take away the contented look and ruddy glow of health which exhibited itself in his countenance.

Thus called upon, the gentleman to whom I have alluded as having produced such an outburst of emotion in his blue-eyed companion, turned to his interlocutor and replied:

"I fear I have no such tales of storm and shipwreck to narrate as would interest you veterans of the ocean; but I have only just reached home, and a somewhat strange circumstance occurred to me during that voyage which may interest you if you like to hear it."

A clattering of glasses; general murmurs of approbation.

"Can't you be quiet, Bill?—the gentleman's going to speak"—from the rosy-cheeked tar to the old talkative sailor; and silence being obtained, my quondam acquaintance of the morning thus commenced his story:

I am a medical man. Six months ago I married, intending to settle down in the town of Wildering in practice, where I had taken and furnished a small house.

On my return from our wedding-trip, I found that my trustee had disappeared, and with him the little private means which had been left me in his care by my father.

Under the circumstances, my settling down, as intended, became impossible, at any rate for a time; so I sold my belongings, placed my wife in lodgings, and accepted the appointment of surgeon to the steamship Khedive, carrying cargo and passengers between Trieste, London, and New York.

I mention this to you that you may the more readily enter into my feelings in what follows.

We carried with us some thirty first-class and about two hundred and sixty steerage passengers, chiefly German, Polish, and Russian Jews, emigrating to escape from the abominable persecutions inflicted on them by an ignorant and semi-barbarous people, unrestrained, if not even encouraged, by a despotic and corrupt government.

It would, however, weary you were I to attempt to recount the hideous narratives of persecution and intolerance that I heard from some of them during our short voyage, which on the whole was agreeable enough.

Among the officers of the ship was a young fellow named Littlemore, the chief engineer, full of anecdote and information, and we soon became very good friends, and many a glass of grog and friendly pipe did we discuss of an evening in one another's cabins, whilst the broad billows of the Atlantic burst against the good ship's side, or came washing over the bulwarks, making her quiver from stem to stern.

She was a fine vessel, the Khedive; iron-built, three-masted, with a state saloon on the upper deck, but with a tendency to roll rather heavily.

Well, we reached New York, with its magnificent harbor, and discharged our cargo.

Whilst this was being done one of the sailors engaged in the duty lost his footing, and but for the timely aid of a rope swinging close up would have fallen into the hold.

"That would have been an awkward fall," I remarked to Littlemore, who was standing by. "He would have gone right down to the bottom of the ship."

"Oh," replied he, "that is not the bottom! We have tanks running fore and aft the whole length of the vessel, which we fill by pumping in water whenever we are lightly laden and require more ballast to steady the ship. You must come down with me one day, and have a look at them; they are worth looking at."

Of course I got leave from our captain to go ashore whilst in harbor; took a run up to Niagara, and I saw that wondrous specimen of Nature's handiwork; went up the Hudson river; and hurried back to rejoin my ship, which was intended to sail on the Tuesday for Old England; and I need hardly say that I was anxious to get back to my bride, from whom circumstances had so early severed me.

When I got on board, I found that we should start on the following afternoon, all the cargo nearly being on board.

There not being time to revisit my friends in New York, I amused myself watching the last portions of the cargo shipped and lowered into the hold.

The next day, about eleven in the morning, hearing my friend, Mr. Littlemore, say that water was to be pumped into the tanks at four in the afternoon, as we were very lightly laden, and seeing the round manhole leading down into them open, I thought that I would take advantage of the opportunity and examine them.

I looked down.

All was dark as midnight, and having on my uniform coat, I took it off and laid it near.

I lit a candle in one of the large ship's lanterns hanging hard by, and was about to descend, when I was suddenly stopped by a voice calling out:

"Holloa, mate, don't take my lantern!"

It was from the carpenter's mate, who was working close at hand.

He scarcely recognized me at first without my uniform; and after a little chat with him, I said that I was going to look at the tanks, and would bring back his lantern.

I descended by the man-hole, and found myself in a place about four feet high—one long division running down the centre all the length of the ship, crossed at intervals by transverse partitions, leading into one another by means of a man-hole just sufficiently large to pass through, while here and there similar openings enabled one to pass from one side to the other through the central longitudinal partition.

Here were massive side-beams and cross-iron girders, dividing this, the actual bottom of the vessel, practically into partitions some twenty-eight feet below the water-line.

It was novel, and to me, as a landsman, something stupendous, this wondrous work of man's ingenuity.

It interested as well as astonished me; and on I went on the port-side of the ship, now stooping low to avoid the cross-girders, passing here and again through a small opening, weird shadows cast around me by the flickering light of my lamp, until I reached the fore-part of the vessel.

Crossing then through an opening on my right, I retraced my way in a similar manner on the starboard side.

On I went, until it appeared that I was taking a much longer time to get back than I had to come the length of the ship.

I could find no opening above me.

However, there must be the opening somewhere, and of course I should find it.

But no; I became convinced I had gone round the ship twice.

Becoming nervous at this idea, I stumbled, and fell, dropped my lantern, and the light went out.

Pulling myself together, I began to reflect on my position.

As I had kept steadily to the left, I must have missed the compartment; so I commenced working diagonally through the openings in the central partition, and came once more to the end of the ship.

Working back again in a similar manner, now striking my head violently against girders above, now my knees against those below, groping my way through the man-holes, I arrived again at the other end of the vessel.

No ray of light—no opening.

Appalling, horrible as the conviction was, the conclusion was irresistible.

The opening by which I had descended had been covered!

The hatch had been closed!

Nevertheless a hatch there was, and I must find it; so, commencing again, feeling my way with one hand before me, and with the other feeling the roof above me, it was not long before I came to a circular rim.

Yes, this was unmistakably an opening, but closed.

I endeavored to push upwards the central portion, but in vain.

In doing this I felt some soft substance, and the odor left no room for doubt.

The odor of red lead was unmistakable.

The cover had been placed on, closed with red lead, and I was hermetically sealed down, imprisoned twenty-eight feet beneath the water level, in the tanks of the Khedive.

The perspiration which in my exertions had been pouring from me, now turned to a cold sweat, soaking through every pore.

Bruised, bleeding, and half exhausted, I commenced calling for help at the highest pitch of my voice.

But all in vain!

My tongue became dry, and throat parched.

What was my voice at that depth in a vessel of three thousand five hundred tons whilst cargo, cattle, passengers, and baggage were being brought on board, and all the varying preparations for steaming out of dock that evening were going on?

I tried to find my lantern, hoping to be able to make use of it to strike the cover to my prison, and I found a piece of loose iron.

Hope revived! I should be able to get heard now.

At it I went, bang, bang, bang!

Surely, I never struck so hard before or since as in those blows for liberty and life!

But useless all my efforts, vain all my cries and blows.

I gave myself up as lost.

I should perish slowly here of hunger and thirst whilst friends were within a few feet of me.

Suddenly I fancied I heard sounds, and carefully noting the position of the hatch, I groped my way towards the centre of the vessel.

Here I distinctly heard voices, succeeded at intervals by a heavy fall and crash.

I was near the coal bunkers, and again endeavored to make myself heard, with no better result than before.

So I went back to the point of my entrance into what now seemed my living tomb, and sank exhausted below it.

Then I remembered Littlemore having said they would pump in water at four that afternoon.

I should not starve to death, then; I should drown—drown like a rat in a hole.

Tears fell from me, and I became almost maddened at the thought.

I had never, I think, felt fear before.

I had seen service in the field; had looked upon death in various forms.

I had been where bullets laid my comrades dead around me, and felt no tremor.

Death had never appeared to me so dreadful as some believe it.

But to die like this!

It was too fearful!

I began now, in my utter despair, to try and think how long I had to live.

I must have been there some hours.

I reflected that as the water was pumped in the air would become compressed, and I should be suffocated before the water got high enough.

Suffocation or drowning! which was the easiest death of the two, I wondered.

I felt myself losing my reason; midst all my horror, the thought of my young, loving wife haunted me, that she should be left so ill-provided for the struggle on through the world alone.

Oh, she would never even know what had become of me!—might think that I was still alive, and had abandoned her!

I saw her soft, tender glances, her gentle, loving, trusting look.

Oh, no; she would never think that of me!

Thus reflecting, in a half-maddened state, I felt something creeping over me, and brushed from my hair the cockroaches which were already swarming about me.

Roused by a sense of loathing from my temporary torpor of despair and exhaustion I commenced striking the iron roof and shrieking for help again.

What was that dull sound I heard?—a gurgling noise, a dull, dull thud, followed by a rush of water?

Again, again, and faster still.

Oh, merciful Heaven! all hope is over!

Lost, lost, lost!

They are filling the tanks!

I know no more. I become unconscious.

* * * * * *

A sensation of fresh and cooling air. A sense of gentle hands about me.

A returning idea of voices, existence, life, and light.

I open my eyes, to find myself on the deck of the vessel, surrounded by kind and anxious faces.

Saved!

Yes.

I had been rescued from inevitable death by an accident.

One of the seamen injuring his leg in getting in a large chest, the doctor was inquired for, and as I was known to have come on board, everybody was asking if I had been seen, as I was not in my cabin.

By great good luck, the carpenter mate heard me inquired for, and said he had not seen me since eleven in the morning, when I went down to look at the tanks.

"Then," said Littlemore, "that's where he is now, and we have just commenced pumping in."

Of course, the order was given immediately to pump out the water, the top hatch was forced off, and I was brought up in a state of insensibility.

Not a minute too soon.

It was four o'clock, and I had been five hours in the tanks; and it was some days before I recovered from the effects of the shock.

* * * * * *

This concluded his story.

The hour for closing having arrived, the party separated, and I returned to my hotel; but between sleeping and waking I still saw the pretty, anxious, frightened face, the large blue eyes filled with tears; and then I understood that the lovely little blonde was the wife of the gentleman with the blue serge suit, and that her distress on the day I first saw her was caused through excessive joy on hearing from her husband of his miraculous escape. So ends "The Doctor's Story."

The Big Pie-dish.

BY HENRY SELBY.

FROM the summer in which the Barberrys took a young artist to board with them, who, when he went away, presented his paint-box to the admiring boy who had followed him about from dawn until dark, peace fled the Barberry residence.

Fences, barn-doors, halls—goodness only knows what!—bore traces of figures, flowers, trees, cows, and buildings in all the colors of the rainbow.

When scolded, Barberry, Junior, only replied, "Well, then, give me canvasses and paint brushes.

"I want to be a painter."

"What kind of a business does thee think painting would be for a man?" asked Quaker Grandmother Barberry. "To sit twiddling thy fingers all day at an easel. If thee doesn't want to be a farmer, we'll 'prentice thee to thy Uncle Charles, the hatter. That's light and easy, and thee is delicate."

So the Barberrys taking counsel together, decided that grandmother had had a "call to speak," and placed Dudley with the hatter.

He worked patiently enough, but painted more than ever in the evenings, for Uncle Charles was liberal, and he had a little money of his own in those days.

On Christmas he came home, and was received kindly, and found his little cousin Clara in the house—an orphan in a black frock, whose parents had been lost at sea.

The child liked the boy very much, and he painted her old doll's face into new beauty for her, and put a red flower on the back of the doll's chair.

She admired his work very much as he had admired that of the artist who had given him his first colors.

He was a hero to her, and a genius, as well as the kindest boy living.

Wandering about the house one day, he found a big pottery pie-dish, and forgetting its purpose, spent a whole bright morning painting upon it a dashing but spirited likeness of his mother's favorite geranium, which stood in a pot on a stand.

It was a wonderful success in the eyes of little Clara; and, indeed, it was not bad, for a little practice goes a good way with a born artist, and a winter of study without a master had greatly improved the young fellow's work.

"You're a great, great artist, Dudley," said Clara.

"I think you will be famous some day. I've read the "Lives of Famous Painters." The big brown book in the case in the parlor.

"When you are grown up, Dudley, you will remember what I say."

She was thirteen, Dudley was sixteen. He lifted up his head from his work and looked at her.

"If ever I am, Clara," he said, "I hope I shan't have to remember you.

"I hope you'll be there where I am. I never knew anybody before who understood me."

A voice sharp and shrill with anger broke in upon the pleasant talk—Aunt Maratha's voice—"Good gracious Dudley has spoiled the biggest pie-dish!"

That afternoon Quaker Barberry whipped Dudley.

That evening the boy did not come to supper.

Later on, when the moon had risen, little Clara, who had gone to her own room to cry, heard a tapping at the window.

She opened it and looked out. Dudley stood there.

"Clara," he said, "tell me—do you think it was right that I should be whipped at my age?"

"Right!" sobbed Clara. "Oh, it was wicked—very wicked!"

"No one shall ever do it again," said Dudley.

"Clara, I am going to be a great artist. It's in me, I know, and—and don't forget me Clara. I'll come back; and, oh, Clara, I cannot bear to leave you."

Leaning over the sill, the child put her innocent arms round the boy's neck.

"Don't go away," she said; "it would break my heart!"

And then he kissed her and ran away.

There was sorrow in the house on Christmas morning, and the pie went uneaten, for Dudley was gone, and he had left a little note in which he declared his intention of returning no more.

He never did come back.

His mother, who loved him more than he knew, shed bitter tears as Christmas Day came round each year.

The father, who had flogged him, grew old repenting it.

There was a general impression in the family that Dudley had not been a good boy, but the doubt as to his fate softened their thoughts of him.

Probably he was dead.

Poor old Grandmother Barberry believed that he had starved to death.

When Clara married—yes, I mean it, when Clara married the consumptive young clergyman from Bristol, and went away, she went up to the garret to look for a winter cloak, and found there the pie-dish yet brilliant with its geraniums.

And she sat down on the floor and cried over it, and remembered the innocent child love she had given the painter, and then, wiping her eyes, carried the dish down stairs and put it into her trunk.

It was a souvenir, if a melancholy one, of the past.

"If he is not dead, he must have forgotten me," she said to herself. "He is twenty-six years old now if he lives."

And though she highly respected the Rev. Jacob Bird, she sighed once or twice even on her wedding eve.

Settled in Bristol, she was very happy. She liked the people she met.

One day somebody saw the pie-dish. It was an artistic lady who had gone to take her hat off in the spare room of the parsonage.

"What a lovely plaque!" she cried. "But why don't you have it glazed? It will be spoiled."

The pie-dish, promoted to plaquehood, was glazed next week, and on its back was painted the name of the boy who, from the Barberry point of view, had spoiled it.

The Rev. Jacob Bird died young.

He was good to his wife while he lived, and she mourned him; but there had been no romance in their courtship, and they had never been congenial.

The widow recovered her placidity soon, and lived contentedly on her small income, amidst a circle of attached friends.

The last survivor of the Barberry family—Dudley's mother—came to live with her, and Mrs. Bird had pulled two grey hairs out of her curly black hair, when the great bazaar of St. Susan's Church took place, and a committee called to beg her to contribute something.

"I have a plaque," she said. "It was painted long ago by somebody who must have become a very great artist if he lived, I think.

"I'll give the plaque. The more I see of art the better I know that it is good, and there are associations with it that make it painful to aunt to see it."

The committee expressed their thanks, and the "pie-dish" went to the fair, where it was greatly admired.

Now, Dudley Barberry had not starved

to death on the road, as his grandmother always believed.

He had sold his watch, had lived until he found his old friend the artist, had become his pupil, and had gone to Italy with him.

While unknown to the people of his little town, he had made a name in the great world of art.

He had made a moderate fortune also; and one day he went back to his home, expecting to find all the Barberrys there—a little older, of course—and to become the pride of the family.

Instead, he found the house occupied by strangers, and was told that his parents were dead.

His informant was a stranger, who did not know who he was, and who thought she spoke the truth, and he did not stop to ask questions of those who could have told him the truth.

The woman had also told him that Clara was married, and he left the town that night, feeling at once guilty and ill-used.

He made his way to Bristol soon after, and was taken rather against his will to the ladies' bazaar at the church, where pretty girls besought him to buy pin-cushions at prices that would have horrified even a duke.

Amongst his prizes were a doll with one arm, and an original poem by an unknown lady.

At last, roaming about amongst the stalls in the bewildered manner peculiar to single gentlemen at fairs, he saw a pretty figure, and a pretty face framed in a widow's cap, standing at a table, and over her head, suspended against a dark drapery, an object which startled him.

Could it be? Yes, it was. He knew every stroke by heart.

He stopped and gazed at it. The lady turned towards him.

"Shall I have the plaque taken down?" she said. "Would you like to look at it closer?"

"Thank you," he answered, looking at her oddly.

"I can see it very well, and I should like so to buy it, though it interests me rather as 'an old acquaintance' than as a work of art. I once spoiled a pie-dish in something like that style.

"It must be imagination, I suppose; but I could take an oath that was the dish itself."

Then he paused, for the widow clasped her hands, looked at him with her eyes full of tears, and answered, "Oh, Dudley, it is the dish! How could you use your poor old mother, and all of us, so badly? And what a great beard you have grown!"

The "plaque" went home under the arm of its purchaser; on the other rested Mrs. Bird's little hand. Of course, you can imagine the rest.

The famous artist is no longer a bachelor. Clara is his wife. His happy mother makes her home with them, and the great treasure of their household is the "pie-dish."

My Wicked Pride.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

I SWEPT down the long drawing-room at Mrs. Sinclair's splendid house, and took my place at the piano there, as proud a woman—aye, and as handsome a woman—as any present that night, if I was only "a poor governess!"

I had heard some scornful voice utter those words as I passed, and my heart was full of wounded pride and pain, full almost to bursting.

It wasn't the hurt pride—though that was hard to bear—that I cared for most; it was the thought that the love of my life was wasted and lost, that was the pang that was killing me.

Of course, being only a governess, it was my duty to play and sing, and amuse my employer's guests, even though my heart was breaking.

It was well that I was so proud I thought or I might have been found wanting in my duty that night.

To sit still, and hear them talking of him—my beloved—and discuss his approaching marriage with another woman, a rich heiress—ah, it needed a proud heart and a strong will, to bear that and make no sign.

I never had played better in my life, and the songs I sang were as gay and merry as if my heart had never known a care.

There was a great mirror just before me that reflected all the room, and in it I could see him, the false traitor who had dared to trifle with me! wooing the richer woman, who was to be his bride, a soft, pretty, gentle little creature, who looked at him with such adoring eyes as very nearly wrung from me a groan of anguish and despair.

I knew, when I saw that glance, that I had heard the truth—this fair, wealthy girl was to be his wife; he had only amused himself with the poor governess.

I was the handsomer by far.

The mirror told me that.

As flowers, when crushed, give forth their sweetest perfumes, so I, being tortured at heart almost beyond endurance, had richer color, brighter eyes, more vivid beauty than had ever been mine in the happy time when he had told me he adored me.

But did I care for that?

No.

I hated the beauty that was so useless and so vain, that it could not charm and hold the one man whom I loved.

Better a thousand times to have been insignificent and plain; then, though I might have loved him vainly still, at least he would have mocked me.

But such was my pride that I would have died rather than let him see that I cared.

He had thought to trifle with me—but I resolved to make him believe that it was I who had been trifling.

I avoided him all that evening.

They released me from the piano now, and then, poor governess though I was, he tried to speak to me, but I was always engaged, for a pretty, well-dressed girl may have partners enough, even though she be poor; at last in the conservatory, whither I had gone to lay aside the mask for a moment and give vent to my grief and pain, he found me.

My avoidance had displeased him.

Ah, my dear, I comprehended afterwards when it was too late.

And he spoke coldly.

"You are in demand this evening, Agnes. I have tried to speak to you in vain. Mr. Roberts is very attentive, I observe, and you seem to welcome his attentions.

"Is it with the intention of annoying me that you act thus?"

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

Why the great gods should have had any grudge against poor me I know not, but certainly I was mad, and in that madness destroyed my peace.

I looked at him—the man whom I loved so dearly, coldly and with scorn.

"I never thought about you in the matter at all," I said. "Mr. Roberts is a sensible, agreeable man, and honors me by his attentions.

"To tell you the truth, I thought you were too busy with your fiancee, Miss Deane, to take any notice of a poor governess like myself."

He was very angry now, and his face flushed hotly.

"My fiancee," he repeated, coldly. "Who told you that?"

I laughed, laughed quite merrily.

"Oh, I have known it for quite awhile," I said. "Did you suppose me ignorant of what everybody knows? Her face, her eyes tell the story, too, for she looks at you, with all her heart in them, until it is really amusing."

Then I laughed again, to keep from crying out with rage at the remembrance of that look.

"Yes, she will be a most devoted and adoring bride. Were you afraid to confess it to me, because of our little flirtation? Pshaw! did you think me so silly as to suppose there was anything serious in that?"

He arose and stood before me—no longer flushed and angry, pale rather, and with a look of contempt in his dark eyes, before which my mad and passionate pride and temper quailed.

I sat down, with a strange sudden chill creeping over all my fire—frightened and sick at heart.

"So you were only flirting, were you?" he said, in low, scornful tones. "I did very well until Mr. Roberts appeared, who will make a far better match.

"I thank you for being candid at last, and showing me that the woman whom I loved was not the true, sweet, loving soul I thought her.

"As for myself, allow me to disclaim the contemptible part you would allot to me. I have not flirted with you—I was perfectly sincere when I told you that I loved you, as I am now, when I tell you that that love has given place to scorn.

"The man who would trifle with a woman's affections is a scoundrel. Laugh at me for having loved you in earnest if you choose.

"Your opinion is a matter of indifference to me henceforth, and I would rather be a fool than a knave."

And with that, without giving me time to think, to speak, to recall my mad false words, he turned and left me; and I, knowing that I had lost him, fell down despairing like one dead.

I might have undone the mischief still if I could have conquered my wicked pride.

I was in the wrong—why did I not go to him and say so?

But no, now that I was assured that he had loved me, I waited for him to come to me.

"If he loves me as I love him he will come," I thought, forgetting that I had denied to him that I loved him.

Three months went by and he never came.

Then I began to see with clearer eyes.

Why should he seek the false coquette (as he thought me) who had boldly declared to him that her love had been mere pretence?

No, it was too much to hope or look for.

I would go to him; it had come to this, at last, that I confessed to myself I could not live without him—I would go to him.

I went.

Well, pride had deserved a bitter punishment.

I sent up to him a little humble note—

"Let me see you for a few moments, I implore you."

He came instantly.

He was agitated and pale, and there was an air of disorder about him.

He excused himself for that.

"You know, of course, that I am on the eve of a journey," he said. "I start for the Continent in the morning."

Then I burst out passionately—

"No, no, you must not go! I cannot bear it! Oh, Fred, I love you. I have loved none but you! Forgive me."

And all my love, all my jealousy, all my remorse and anguish, came in a sudden flood that would not be checked; until at last I lay sobbing on his breast, and he kissed me once with a deep and bitter groan, and put me from him.

"Too late!" he said. "Oh, Agnes, better never to have told me this than to tell it to me now. I am to marry Alice Deane to-morrow morning."

* * * * * *

Five years later.

Human hearts can live through bitter misery, and my heart lived through this—lived without hope.

I knew that he called another woman wife—I knew that another woman's arms enfolded him, and yet I lived.

Did I suffer?

Well, my hair was grey at twenty-five, and I grew worn and old. Ah, Heaven knows if I suffered!

In the fifth year of their marriage Alice died, leaving a little daughter.

Those who best knew him told me he mourned his wife's loss, and was anxious to go abroad—perhaps to forget.

A strange impulse came upon me—I wrote to him. I said—

"If you need a home—a tender friend for your little girl, oh! leave her with me."

I had no thought, Heaven knows, of reviving the past—me, with my sad dim eyes, and my hair fast turning grey.

But when he came to me and brought the child, and I saw his eyes grow soft as he marked the change in me—ah! then I thanked Heaven that through pain and anguish of soul I still had lived, if but to serve his child.

You can guess the end, perhaps—a happier one than often comes to such mistakes as mine.

Two years I cherished little Alice as my own, and then he returned and gave her to me for my very own indeed, for he became my husband.

DANGEROUS SOCIETY.

THEODORE PARKER wrote a sermon once upon the "Dangerous Classes of Society."

These dangerous classes are still very frequently mentioned. But it is not generally admitted that they include a class of well-to-do people, well-housed, well-fed, whose carpets are of the softest, whose pictures are of the loveliest, whose bric-a-brac is of the daintiest, who even have delightful readings and delicious music, and so on. Why do I say this class of people is dangerous? Because the mist of their own teeming happiness is apt to hide from them the vision of a great social world beyond the confines of their luxurious Sybaris. Such people are having, as the children say, "a dreadful good time." It is a good time; and it is dreadful because it is so horribly contented with itself, so miserably oblivious to the fact that we are members one of another, that we are born not only into the family, but into society, into the state, into the church, and have no right to isolate or segregate ourselves from any of the larger spheres of thought and action. It is indeed "a mean form of domesticity," an "unlovely temple of comfort." We naturally expect young people, in the ardor of their first engagements or in the first months of their marriage, to imagine that they are quite sufficient for each other, that they could get along quite happily if the remainder of the human population should be blotted out. We do not expect much in the way of social interest or activity from these ridiculously happy souls. Their mutual absorption is quite agreeable to our sense of what is right and good. But the persistence of this mutual absorption into the successive years of married life, extended only to include the children who, "like buds upon the lily-spire," one after another open their pearly sweetness to the light and air, this is a consummation which, so far from being "devoutly to be wished," is infinitely to be deplored. This would be true if all the consequences of such "a mean form of domesticity" were trammelled up within the home enclosure. It is not alone that the great outside world demands true loyalty and service from every man or woman who partakes, however unconsciously, of its unfailing bounty. It is also that the home so self-contained, so isolated, inevitably tends to be something less true, less noble, and even less happy, than it might otherwise be. Where there is certainly no lack of happiness you will sometimes notice that the happiness has in it a certain vegetable or bovine quality. No matter how soft the carpets, nor how rare the pictures, nor how choice the bric-a-brac, something is wanting. What is the one thing needful? That the great social world should stream through such a home, that husband and wife should cease awhile from coddling each other and establish new claims each on the other's admiration, sympathy and affection by acknowledging their social obligation and attempting to discharge them. The home that covets self-containment covets spiritual asphyxia and death.

A HAPPY MAN.—There are people who are forever telling about what they have done, in such a way that they hope to impress upon you the idea that they have done more than their share of the work even though you may be well aware that you have done three times as much as they ever thought of doing. There are others who never speak of what they do, never complain that they are sick, but preserve a sort of exasperating resignation that is fully as disagreeable as downright grumbling. A happy man between these two extremes is about right. Always mention to your friends whatever is interesting about your work and yourself, and if you are sick say so, but do be like the old gentleman who was asked, "How is your wife to-day?" and replied: "Liddy is sick, but I am a great deal sicker than Liddy is." SYLVIA A. MOSS.

THE LUNGS ARE STRAINED AND RACKED by an obstinate Cough, which taken in time, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant would speedily cure.

Scientific and Useful.

HARDENING WOOD.—Wood piled in a tank and covered with quicklime, which is gradually slacked with water, is said to acquire great hardness and consistency after the lime has acted upon it for a week or more.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The introduction of the electric light in the Grand Opera House, Paris, has, as might have been expected, greatly improved the acoustical properties of the building. Of course the incandescent system can produce no disturbance of the atmosphere and no heated gases.

KEEPING FURS.—A tincture of Calabar bean has been found exceedingly efficacious in preserving entomological and other natural history specimens from the destruction caused by mites. It can also be used with advantage in keeping furs and other articles of dress from moths. A very small quantity is sufficient.

THE TELELOGUE.—A French officer has patented an instrument which he calls a "telelogue," for signaling purposes. The signals consist of the letters of the alphabet and figures silvered on a dead black ground, and these are illuminated at night by lamps with strong reflectors. A powerful telescope is the receiving instrument. For signaling to a distance of two and a half miles the whole apparatus need not weigh more than five pounds.

THE CHEMICAL LUNG.—The *Sanitary Engineer* does not take much stock, so to speak, in the "chemical lung," as it is called; and rightly so. This lung is a piece of cloth stretched on a frame and saturated with certain solutions for the removal of carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere of a room, tunnel, hospital ward, church, etc. Why not, to begin with, make the places in which human beings have to live in, for a longer or shorter time, capable of rapidly renewing the air they contain? The problem is not a very difficult one to a mechanician endowed with the average amount of common sense.

GLAZED PHOTOGRAPHS.—The beautiful gloss on photographs called enamelling is produced, says the *Scientific American*, as follows: After the prints have been toned, washed and trimmed in the usual way they are immersed in a warm filtered aqueous solution of gelatin of about the consistence of collodion, to which is after added a small quantity of sugar candy. When the paper has become well impregnated with the liquid the pieces are removed and placed, smooth face downward, upon a plate of glass previously coated with a four per cent. normal collodion, and air-dried. In placing the print care must be taken to quickly press out all air bubbles. Afterward a sheet of stout white paper, cut somewhat larger than the prints, is cemented to the back of each photograph to protect the pictures in the event of their spontaneously leaving the glass on drying. The plates are allowed to remain over night in a dry locality, when the portraits may be separted from the glass by making an incision of the film all around the paper.

Farm and Garden.

BEES INJURING GRAPES.—Two bills have been introduced in the California legislature to forbid the keeping of bees because of the damage they are said to do the ripening grapes.

THE WAX PLANT.—Washing the leaves of the wax plant occasionally is the very best treatment for it. When washing, brushing with a soft brush about the axils of the leaves will tend to keep the plant free from mealy bugs, one of the worst enemies. When the plant commences its growth supply it once a week with weak manure water.

HORSESHOES.—A correspondent of the *Blacksmith and Wheelwright* says: "The best remedy that I have ever found for horses clicking or striking their hind shoes against the forward ones is to put on high toe-calks and low heels on the hind shoes. If my brother smiths are incredulous concerning this remedy, I advise them to try it and be convinced."

ELECTRIC FENCES.—A novelty in the utilization of wire fences consists in insulating one of the continuous wires and connecting its ends with the opposite poles of an electric battery. Animals coming in contact with the wire will receive a shock from the electric current which will effectually debar them, it is said, from attempting to break down or override fences of this description.

WEEDS.—The rapidity with which weeds multiply is marvellous. A single plant of purslane will, when fully grown, mature nearly a million seeds; the roadside mullein, 500,000; the ox-eye daisy, 13,500; the Canada thistle, about 10,000; the Mayweed, 30,000, and the burdock, 26,000. In view of these facts, we should let no noxious weed escape. This should be the war cry, especially during the months of July and August. "Plow them up, dig them up, or cut them up, or cut them down." Not one should mature its seeds.

CLIPPING HORSES.—There has been much talk, pro and con, upon the subject of clipping horses; that is, the shearing of the hair close to the skin by means of an implement made for the purpose. The farmer has no business with horses that have been clipped. They must be blanketed in the stable, and doubly blanketed out of doors when standing. No man owning horses should ever allow them to be clipped, except that class who use them for light work, and who can, of course, afford to take the best of care of them in and out of the stable. Coach horses or any horses left standing in the cold should never be clipped.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 18, 1882.

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TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

Some people take it for granted that a thing must be, because they never heard it disputed. They have always been told that Friday is an unlucky day, or that it is unsafe to sit down with thirteen at the table, or that we should be careful to look at the new moon over the right shoulder, or that it is well to have a horseshoe nailed over the doorway, or some other foolish thing, and, without reasoning upon the matter at all, they presume that it must be so, and conduct themselves accordingly.

Any statement which happens to accord with a man's prejudices, or to further his own personal interests, or to agree with the general policy of the party to which he belongs, is likely to be taken for granted, as something which needs no proof.

Others, in the same blind way, take it for granted that a thing cannot be because they never saw it done. There are no people so opinionated as those who make their own experience the measure of their belief. The Asiatic king who scouted the idea that water ever became solid, so that men could walk upon it; the good old lady who rebuked her son when he told her that fishes sometimes flew out of the sea upon the deck of the ship on which he sailed, are very familiar illustrations of this style of character.

For a hundred years after the death of Copernicus, it was regarded as a very strong objection to his theory of the earth's rotation on its axis, that, if it was so, a stone dropped from the summit of a high tower ought not to fall at the foot of it, but at a considerable distance to the west, just as a stone dropped from the masthead of a ship under full sail, does not fall at the foot of the mast, but towards the stern; this latter statement being taken for granted all the while, until somebody took it into his head to verify the fact by experiment, and proved that the stone fell straight down to the bottom of the mast.

Many facts that are very familiar to us our ancestors would have taken for granted to be impossible in the nature of things. When railroads were first projected, the idea of traveling at the rate of fifteen miles an hour was ridiculed.

When lighting-gas was first introduced, very many people protested against it as sure to induce mischief and ruin.

Fifty years ago no one would have had a patient hearing if he had ventured to predict that, before the year 1882, instantaneous communication would be had all over the globe—thoughts traveling like lightning along the bottom of the ocean, the beds of rivers, across the valleys and plains, and over the tops of the highest mountains; that eight or ten days' travel would take us across the ocean, that our streets would be lighted with electricity, thus turning night into day; that teeth would be drawn and limbs amputated without giving the slightest sensation of pain; not to speak of a multitude of other marvels, with which we have suddenly become familiar.

Society would not exist if we did not take some things for granted, and it is better to believe too much than not to believe at all.

SANCTUM CHAT.

AN inquiry into the nature of the coffee sold in and about London has produced significant results. Of thirty-seven samples of ground coffee only two were found to be pure. Some of the rest were described on the labels as mixtures of one kind and another, but the great majority were more or less flagrant frauds.

—

AT the Alexandria Palace, in London, there is a novel exhibition of articles which can be obtained in the streets and shops of London for one penny, including an immense variety of cheap jack articles, some cheap at a penny, some dear—from the tablet warranted to remove all stains to the columns of the daily conservative paper.

—

IOWA lawyers have become so prolix in their arguments that the matter is considered a public calamity, and one of the judges recently said: "The State of Iowa is paying annually a quarter of a million dollars for unnecessary gab—for these long speeches that do no one any good, that wear out the court, tire out the jury, and hurt rather than help the clients for whom they are made. It is an outrage, and ought to be stopped."

—

HORACE MANN said: "If temperance prevail, education can prevail; if temperance fail, education must fail." So that, in the opinion of that apostle of schools, education depends on temperance rather than temperance on education. The same thought was uttered by Lord Brougham, when he told the British House of Peers that it was no use to attempt to improve the morals of the people by giving them education, if the beer shops continued to sow the seeds of immorality broadcast over the land.

—

MISS KATE FIELD, who a few weeks ago dashed into print in defense of the knee-breeches of our fathers, says she has received numerous letters of thanks, many of them coming from the West. If any man assumes from this that the West is growing esthetic, it is a sure sign that his own American tours have not extended west of the Alleghenies. To the average Western man knee-breeches would be a positive blessing, for at present he has no special use for the lower end of his trouser legs except to crowd them into the top of his boots, where they accumulate dust in dry weather, and moisture during the showers. If some one will go West with an assortment of knee breeches and teach the natives to wear them, he may make money, but any sunflowers, lilies and long-haired poems that he may take along will prove the deadest of dead stock.

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THE sites of Western cities are in some cases determined by men who have special facilities for locating a population, though plans of that kind have frequently miscarried. It has been decided by capitalists connected with the Northern Pacific Railroad that a city called Billings shall grow up in Dakotah. They took a tract of prairie land, appropriated $100,000 for public buildings, and secured car shops, stock yards, and other interests enough to secure 10,000 inhabitants within two years.

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IF the National Health Society, or any other society interested in social reform, says a London journal, could attain but two objects—the relaxation of stays and the rational shaping of boots, they would have done enough. Those two principal—we might almost say vital—points gained, fancy may well be left, as indeed it will always insist on being left, to fashion its own flights. Free and healthy action of the limbs and organs is absolutely needful. For the ornamental portion of attire the whims of women may be left to themselves, especially as they will have their own way anyhow.

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A SAN FRANCISCO artist having shown photographers how to take pictures of a horse at full gallop, a French savant has extended the process to the flight of birds. He has succeeded in analyzing the flight of a bird by the method employed in observing the relative movement of two stars—that is, by a photographic revolver. This was in the form of a fowling-piece aimed at the bird, and twelve pictures were taken successively in 1-700 of a second each. The plates were gelatino-bromide of silver, which could, if necessary, take an impression in 1-1500 of a second.

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A SPECIALLY undesirable class of immigrants has recently settled in British South Africa. An insect called the Australian bug was introduced some four years ago, together with a plant which had been procured for the botanical gardens at Cape Town. The progeny of the first arrivals has multiplied exceedingly, and so much mischief has been done by it that a very general alarm has been felt for some time. The Australian bug attacks trees. Some handsome oak trees in the grounds of the Government House, at Cape Town, said to be one hundred years old, were reduced to such a state that they had to be cut down. It is particularly hostile to fruit trees, and on a single estate destroyed six hundred orange trees, thereby causing enormous loss to the owner. As yet no means of stopping the spread of this formidable pest have been devised; but, as it has been noticed that it does not attack the Australian gum trees planted in the Cape Colony, it has been suggested that by a judicious intermixture of these with the fruit and other trees liable to its ravages, the latter may be stopped.

—

IT is hard enough to endure on one's own account for the manifold troubles that beset a millionaire, but it is harder to suffer on account of another, as it appears Miss Mackay is now suffering in Paris. The Count Monte Christo, when he first drove out of the courtyard in the Champs Elysees, and before he had squandered any of his wealth would, it is thought, be poor beside Mr. Mackay, the California millionaire. It is no wonder, then, that his daughter has so many suitors. Indeed they come in battalion—all sorts and conditions of men; the latest report was that Prince Philippe de Bourbon was the favored one. The Prince is not an undesirable man for a Prince, and the family of Bourbon is illustrious enough even for an American millionaire. But Mrs. Mackay would not hear of such a thing. We are told she is daily nearly pestered to death by correspondents with matrimonial views, and has to give audience to business men ready to make an eligible match for the young lady. Still, she could not think of having a Prince for a son-in-law. She has a supreme contempt for titled suitors, and for fortune-hunting bachelors of all grades. "Were a king to propose for my child he should not have her," the lady is reported to have once said to Queen Isabella. Meanwhile, during this love chase, interested or disinterested, we hear nothing of the young lady's view of the situation. Perhaps she has her troubles as well as her mother. In any case, she must be convinced by this time that wealth has its drawbacks as well as its advantages.

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THE *Celestial Empire* gives, in a recent number, an account of Chinese burial in former times. A man of means purchased his coffin when he reached the age of forty. He then had it painted three times every year with a species of varnish, mixed with pulverized porcelain—a composition which resembled a silicate paint or enamel. The process by which this varnish was made has now been lost to the Chinese. Each coating of this paint was of some thickness, and when dried had a metallic firmness resembling enamel. Frequent coats of this, if the owner lived long, caused the coffin to assume the appearance of a sarcophagus, with a foot or more in thickness of this hard, stone-like shell. After death the veins and cavities of the stomach were filled with quicksilver for the purpose of preserving the body. A piece of jade was then placed in each nostril and ear, and in one hand, while a piece of bar silver was placed in the other hand. The body thus prepared was put on a layer of mercury within the coffin; the latter was sealed, and the whole then committed to its last resting place. When some of these sarcophagi were opened after the lapse of centuries, the bodies were found in a wonderful state of preservation; but they immediately crumbled to dust on exposure to the air.

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ONE'S pleasure, after all, is much affected by the quality of one's neighbors, even though one may not be on speaking terms with them. A pleasant, bright face at a window is surely better than a discontented, cross one; and a house that has the air of being inhabited is preferable to closed shutters and unsocial blinds, excluding every ray of sunlight and sympathy. We like to see the glancing, cheerful lights through the windows on a cold night; or watch them as evening deepens gradually creeping from the parlor to the upper stories of the houses near us. We like to watch the little children go in and out the door, to play or to school. We like to see a white-robed baby dancing up and down at the window in its mother's arms—all of which go to make a pleasant neighborhood to those who live for comfort instead of show. Sad, indeed, some morning on waking is it to see the blinds down, the shutters closed, and know that Death's angel, while it spared our threshold, has crossed that of our cheerful neighbor. Sad to miss the white-robed baby from the window, and see the little coffin at nightfall borne into the house. Sad to see innocent little faces pressed at evening against the window-pane, watching for "dear papa" who has gone to his long home.

—

THE New York *Tribune* published recently a paragraph about a scandalous proposition addressed to "Any slave-dealer" in Constantinople by two young men of a Mississippi town, who expressed a desire to purchase for traveling companions upon a tour in Europe two young and pretty female slaves. The letter containing this proposition was sent to New York by the gentleman in Constantinople into whose hands it fell, together with a scathing denunciation of the insulting and disgraceful proposal which it contained. The same journal of a later date says: "The names of the two young men who sent the letter were concealed in the hope that secret shame might be more useful to them than public disgrace. From one of them we have received a letter containing a frank and wholesome avowal of his remorse, and an explanation that the letter was written while he was intoxicated, and was merely a drunken man's joke which he had no thought of pursuing further. He writes: 'I have suffered a thousand deaths since I have seen your article. * * * It is a thing so disgraceful that I can scarcely live under it.' The *Tribune* has no wish to crowd a repentant sinner to the wall, and cheerfully agrees not to publish its correspondent's name. His companion in the disgraceful epistolary episode has not yet signified his repentance. A letter from him is in order."

AT PARTING.

BY S. U. W.

Think of me!—When?—
Just at the gentle twilight hour,
When the dews are falling on tree and flower,
When birds to their quiet nests have gone,
And the summer night comes softly on:
Think of me then.

Think of me!—When?—
As thou art roving through pleasant glades,
Or lingering mid the deep forest's shades,
Gazing on flower and field and tree,
Let thy thoughts turn for awhile to me:
Think of me then.

Think of me!—When?—
As some sweet strain we have loved to hear,
Comes with a pathos deep to thine ear,
Or a soft note over thy senses flung,
Brings back the time when that lay was sung:
Think of me then.

Think of me!—When?—
At the early hours of Sabbath morn,
When no rude sounds on the breeze are borne,
When all is balmy and sweet and still:
And the mists are rising from stream and hill
Think of me then.

Think of me!—When!—
At that lone hour, when, on bended knee,
Thou art breathing a prayer to the Deity,
That all whom thou lovest He may defend,
O, ask some boon for thy distant friend:
Think of me then.

In Love And War.

BY BERTIE DAYLE.

IT IS preposterous, madam!" exclaimed Mr. Donnerblits, pushing his spectacles high up on his bald forehead, and glaring at his better-half (?) with the naked eye in a manner which caused that meek little woman to shrink like a timid bird before a sparrow hawk—"it is preposterous; simply pre-posterous, and I wonder you can think of such a thing.

"The man is penniless—absolutely penniless—and lives from hand to mouth by his beggarly trade of portrait painting. Do you wish your daughter to marry a beggar, Mrs. Donnerblits? Answer me that, madam?"

"But he is young, Augustus, with talent and energy to make his way in the world, and they love each other. Besides, he has expectations. His rich uncle——"

"Bah! expectations, indeed—don't tell me. A man that depends upon a rich uncle, or any other relative, is simply a fool, Mrs. Donnerblits.

"Had I married you on the strength of my expectations, we might have starved in a garret, instead of living in a home of our own, surrounded with comforts, and—hem—I may say, luxuries.

"But I exercised my judgment, madam. I put love and sentiment on one side, and made myself a position, remembering the old proverb, 'that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;' and now——"

And Mr. Donnerblits concluded with a general wave of his hand round the cozily-furnished apartment, the result of his persevering energy and devotion to business.

"If the young man is possessed of talent and energy," he resumed, "let him make use of it, and provide a comfortable house before he marries; and if he loves Hetty ——. But, pshaw! what is the use of talking such rubbish?

"Understand me distinctly, Mrs. Donnerblits, I will have no secret meetings, and no love-making under the present circumstances. And do not let me hear anything of broken hearts or blighted affection. I have no patience with such tomfoolery!"

And Mr. Donnerblits flourished the morning papers and brought his glasses into position with the air of a man who has dismissed a disagreeable subject.

Augustus Donnerblits, Esq., architect and surveyor, might have been called the architect of his own fortune, but for the ugly fact of his wife having brought him a comfortable dowry, a circumstance which entered largely into Mr. Donnerblits' calculations when he speculated in the matrimonial lottery, and constituted, in fact, the "bird in hand" of which honorable mention has been made in the ancient proverb aforesaid.

Mrs. Donnerblits was quite aware of the fact, but systematically ignored it in her lord's presence; and, with praiseworthy forbearance, allowed Mr. Donnerblits to expatiate on his own indomitable energy, perseverance, and business habits, until the poor little lady actually believed in him, and began to look upon him as a self-made man—a second Dick Whittington, in fact, who was only prevented from assuming the robe of office in his native town of Blundermere by the envious detraction of more fortunate competitors.

Presently, his daughter Hetty entered the room, trilling a song, and looking the reverse of broken-hearted.

The general aspect of that young lady, with her merry, laughing eyes and rosy cheeks, was suggestive of anything but blighted affection.

"Hetty," said Mr. Donnerblits, continuing to look over the columns of the paper while he talked, "your mother and I have been speaking about this young man Walter Foster; and, as I have told her, there is only one conclusion to arrive at in the circumstances—you must not think of him any more."

"Not think of him, papa!" exclaimed Hetty, opening her eyes very wide. "I am afraid that will be impossible."

"Well, well, child," said Mr. Donnerblits, irritably, "you must give up the idea of any engagement, of course, and there must be no intercourse between you unknown to your mother or myself."

"Very well, papa," answered Hetty, demurely.

"And, Hetty," continued Mr. Donnerblits, softened by his daughter's submissive demeanor, "you may begin those drawing lessons, if you can find a suitable master. Drawing is a useful accomplishment," observed the architect, gently rubbing his nose with the edge of the paper, "and I see no reason why your fancy should not be indulged in that respect. But mind, Hetty, no love-making." And Mr. Donnerblits returned to the perusal of his paper.

"Thank you, papa," said Hetty. "Then I may advertise for a master?"

"To come here three times a week—yes."

Mother and daughter exchanged looks, unobserved by Mr. Donnerblits, who had plunged into the details of a wife-kicking case.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Donnerblits was seated in his private sanctum, immersed in certain abstruse calculations regarding the contemplated alteration in the Town Hall, when his daughter Hetty burst into the apartment, nearly upsetting a theodolite, and wholly upsetting her father's calculations.

"Papa," she exclaimed, excitedly, "will you come and interview my drawing master? His references are unexceptionable, and he has brought a whole portfolio of beautiful drawings. He is such a funny man, papa, and talks broken English."

Papa Donnerblits rose, and meekly followed his impetuous little daughter, taking off his spectacles and rubbing them the while, and still thinking of the Town Hall.

Being ushered into his daughter's future preceptor's presence, he fixed his glasses on the bridge of his nose, and looked long and fixedly at that individual.

He beheld a tall and rather distinguished looking man, with a profusion of long curls falling down over his shoulders, and so much hair upon his face that scarcely anything could be seen of his features except the eyes or nose—a fashion, as someone has remarked, suggesting the idea of a badger peeping out of a hole.

"Your servant, saar," said Herr Langbein, executing an elaborate bow, accompanied with a flourish of the left foot.

"I have seen your advertiser in de paper, and I apply. I am professor of de art of drawing in my country. I teach all de differing what you call branches, de design, de paint, de vater-color, and all. I will show you mein portfolio—mein drawings—ya."

"Do not trouble yourself, Mr. What's-your-name, I beg."

"But I will show you, saar. De trouble is nichts—it is noting."

And Herr Langbein opened his portfolio, and displayed several very creditable specimens of artistic talent.

During the foregoing colloquy Hetty appeared to be shaking with suppressed laughter, and bent over the drawings in order to conceal her emotion. The professor's eyes also twinkled in a suspicious manner—perhaps from sympathy.

"Bless my soul, this is our Town Hall!" exclaimed Mr. Donnerblits, taking up a pencil sketch, and surveying it with keen interest.

"Yes, saar," assented Herr Langbein, with another bow. "Ven I come here de gentlemans tell me dey vill alter de Hall soon, and I take sketch of de old Hall. I admire it mooch—ya."

"I should like to have this," observed Mr. Donnerblits, handling the sketch fondly—"that is, if you are willing to sell it."

"It is not for sell, saar; but I vill make you von present of it if you vill accept—ya!"

"Thanks, Mr.—I forget your name, really."

"Langbein, saar."

"Thanks, Mr. Langbein. And I should like to have a sketch of the building after the alterations are made. Perhaps you will oblige me?"

"I vill do so, saar, vit de greatest of pleasure," responded Herr Langbein, with another bow and another flourish of the left foot. "Den I sall have de honor to teach your daughter, the yong lady of talent—ya?"

Mr. Donnerblits looked at his daughter. The professor also looked at her with a comical expression of inquiry, which appeared to be too much for that young lady's gravity, for she immediately exploded, and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Hetty, I am ashamed of you!" exclaimed her father, severely. "When will you learn to behave like a civilized being?"

"Mr. Langbein, you may consider the matter settled. You will come here three times a week, and instruct this madcap in the art of drawing. Keep a strict eye upon her, and see that she performs her tasks."

And having delivered this parting injunction, Mr. Donnerblits returned to his study, and resumed his calculations.

"I am so glad," observed Mrs. Donnerblits, when she was informed of the arrangement; "I am so glad on Hetty's account, for the poor child might have pined and fretted if you had not consented to it."

"Why should you be glad, madam?" inquired Mrs. Donnerblits, who invariably snubbed his wife when the opportunity offered; "and why should the poor child, as you call her, pine and fret? You talk like a fool, Mrs. Donnerblits! I hope Hetty has more sense than to pine after a beggarly artist, who has nothing but his wits to live upon."

"I do not mean that exactly, Augustus."

"Then what do you mean? Perhaps you will be kind enough to explain yourself, madam?" returned Mr. Donnerblits, with freezing politeness.

"Dear me, how sharp you do take one up, Augustus. I merely thought the child would be better for having something to occupy her mind."

"Then why did you not say so at first?" snapped Mr. Donnerblits.

After this little domestic skirmish, the subject of the drawing master, dropped by mutual consent, was never alluded to in the presence of Mr. Donnerblits, but formed the topic of frequent conferences between mother and daughter, accompanied with much giggling on the part of the latter, and much sage advice on the part of the former.

There was evidently some mystery on the way, for which Mr. Donnerblits—honest man—had neither eyes nor ears, being too much engrossed by business, speculations to pay any heed to the plotting and planning of the female conspirators.

Once, indeed, when, in search of a missing plan, he had burst abruptly into the apartment devoted to the drawing lessons, master and pupil, whose heads had been in close proximity, flew apart like the opposite poles of two magnets, leaving a dim impression on the mind of Papa Donnerblits that the professor had been making love to his daughter, and had only that moment removed his arm from her waist.

He stared vacantly at the pair for a few seconds; but being a man of a practical turn of mind, and seeing nothing further to justify his suspicions, he dismissed the idea as too absurd to be entertained.

"Papa," said Hetty, about a month after the advent of the drawing master, "Mr. Langbein has been called away suddenly on pressing business—the death of a relative, I believe—and has left me to enjoy a week's holiday. The lessons may be resumed on his return?"

"Oh, indeed!" observed papa, with his mouth full of buttered toast; "then he did not consider it necessary to acquaint me with the circumstance?"

He could not help that, papa. You were not at home when he called. He had just received a telegram, and was hurrying off to catch the train."

"Well, child, I hope you will make good use of your time. By the way, Hetty," resumed Mr. Donnerblits, after a pause, "I wonder what has become of your old flame, Walter Foster? Now I think of it, I have not seen him for a whole month. Perhaps he has left the town."

"Very likely, papa," answered Hetty, innocently.

"Let us hope he has found a suitable field for the display of his talent and energy," continued Mr. Donnerblits, with a sarcastic glance at his help-meet. "You receive no letters from him, child, and I hope you do not see him now?"

"No, papa," replied Hetty, gazing intently at the coffee-pot.

"So much the better," rejoined her parent. "You are too young to launch upon a sea of troubles, and wreck your happiness for the sake of a romantic fancy. Plenty of time for that."

And having uttered these sage remarks, Mr. Donnerblits waved his hand, and took up the paper as a signal that the subject was dismissed.

A few days afterwards Mr. Donnerblits, who had been absent all the morning on business, came home to dinner, and found his wife waiting for him alone, with a troubled countenance.

"Where is Hetty?" he inquired, as he took his seat at the table and flourished the carving knife.

Mrs. Donnerblits gasped spasmodically, and handed him a letter addressed to himself.

Mr. Donnerblits tore it open and eagerly devoured its contents. As he read, his countenance changed and became fiery and wrathful, his scanty locks seemed to bristle with indignation, and when he had finished the perusal of it he dashed letter and carving knife on the table, and executed a species of war-dance round the apartment, greatly to the dismay of his meek little help-meet.

His feelings being somewhat relieved by this primitive performance, he took up the letter and read it again.

It ran thus:

"DEAR PAPA: I am going to be married. Do not fly in a passion and scold mamma, for she is not to blame. It will all come right, and I hope you will forgive me. I am very happy. My dear old professor is very kind"—Mr. Donnerblits ground his teeth—"and sends his love to you and mamma"—an unparliamentary expression from Mr. Donnerblits—"and hopes you will not be very angry with him for running away with your loving daughter. HETTY.

"P. S.—He bids me say that we will pay you a visit together, and beg your forgiveness before we go abroad on our wedding trip."

Here Mr. Donnerblits glared around wrathfully, as if in search of a victim; and his eye happening to rest on his long-suffering partner, whose existence he had almost forgotten, and who was eyeing him apprehensively—much as a timid bird might have watched the movements of a fierce grimalkin—he gave a snort of defiance, and threw down the gauntlet, in the shape of the obnoxious epistle.

"There, madam! that is your handiwork, no doubt, and a nice kettle of fish you have made of it! Don't tell me, Mrs. Donnerblits," as his wife began to utter a feeble protest. "Have I not seen you and your daughter laying your heads together, and plotting to undermine my authority? I might have known there was some conspiracy going on; but I shut my eyes—in blind confidence, madam, I shut my eyes, I say—never believing for a moment that you—you, Mrs. Donnerblits—would incite my own daughter to rebel against me! But I will make you all pay for it," he shouted, "drawing master and all!"

And Mr. Donnerblits rushed frantically from the house, oblivious of the tempting joint, the caper sauce, and other delicacies, which Mrs. Donnerblits, anticipating the coming storm, had reckoned upon as means of allaying her lord's indignation.

Arrived at the station, in a state of steaming excitement which at once drew the attention of the railway officials, and attracted a little crowd of idlers, Mr. Donnerblits began to make inquiries for the missing couple, and had the satisfaction of learning that a foreign-looking gentleman with long curls, accompanied by a lady closely veiled, had taken tickets for Brighton by the last train, which had already been gone two hours; and he was also informed that the next train would not start for another hour.

Mr. Donnerblits cursed the train, the railway officials, and the company generally. The station master mildly suggested that Mr. Donnerblits should find a more fitting place to vent his imprecations. Mr. Donnerblits inquired if he (the station master) had ever experienced the feelings of a bereaved father, whose only daughter had rebelled against his authority?

The station master replied that it was no business of his, and that Mr. Donnerblits had better not create a disturbance, otherwise he would give him in charge.

Whereupon Mr. Donnerblits subsided, and marched in a huff to the other end of the platform, where he strode to and fro in majestic silence, disregarding the sneers of the bystanders, and the pantomimic gestures of the little boys, who, with the precocity of Arab children, had already guessed the truth, and "twigged" the heavy father in search of his runaway daughter.

"My eye! don't he look riled!" whispered one.

"And wont there be a jolly row when he ketches 'em!" suggested another.

And as the train steamed into the station, and Mr. Donnerblits bolted into a third-class carriage, he was followed by a general shout of derision from the whole troop, accompanied with cries of "Go it, old 'un!" "Neck or nothing!" "Give it 'em hot!" with other expressions of a like irreverent nature, which rendered Mr. Donnerblits furious.

His face was not good to see as he peered through the window at his tormentors, and boded ill for the runaway couple when he had had the fortune, or misfortune, to "ketch 'em!"

"Brighton!" shouted the guard; and Mr. Donnerblits swung the door open, and leapt on to the platform, without waiting for the train to stop.

He staggered, and nearly fell; but after swinging his arms wildly about for a few seconds, and performing a stampede on the flagstones, managed to recover his balance, and throwing his ticket at the nearest official, rushed off, paying no attention to the strong language called forth by his irregular proceedings.

Guessing that the runaways would stop at the nearest hotel, he bent his steps thither, and on making the usual inquiries, was at once ushered into a private apartment, where he beheld his daughter Hetty standing in a coquettish attitude, her face radiant with joy; while a gentleman with long curls knelt at her feet, clasping both her hands, and looking up into her countenance with an expression of adoring love.

Hetty uttered an exclamation—the gentleman sprang to his feet. Mr. Donnerblits, with a muttered curse, darted forward and made a grab at the long curls, intending to inflict summary chastisement on the purloiner of his daughter.

The curls came away in his grasp, revealing a shapely head, adorned with short, frizzly brown hair.

Mr. Donnerblits was completely taken aback, and came to a full stop, his hand still outstretched, grasping the mass of curls, while his daughter (heartless girl!) uttered peal after peal of laughter.

The quondam professor of design, meanwhile, laying violent hands on his own beard, gave it a vicious tug, and brought it clean away, with whiskers and imperial attached, disclosing to view the features of Walter Foster.

Mr. Donnerblits collapsed, and dropped heavily on a chair.

"What does all this mean?" he gasped.

"My dear sir," rejoined Walter, "it is merely a repetition of the old story. I have long loved your daughter Hetty"—taking her hand—"and she, I am happy to say, returns my affection.

"Hearing from her that you refused to consent to our union until I had secured an independence, I cheerfully acquiesced in your decision, feeling that it would be a selfish thing on my part to drag her down to my level, and ask her to share my poverty.

"But having been suddenly raised to a position of comparative affluence by the death of an uncle, I no longer hesitated, and took this method of clinching the matter, Gretna Green fashion, trusting to win your forgiveness afterwards."

"But why do so?" inquired Mr. Donnerblits. "Had I known of your altered circumstances, my consent would not have been withheld.

"And did you steal into my house in the character of a drawing master?"

"I stole into your house, as you term it, because I could not exist without seeing Hetty at least every other day. And as to the Gretna Green business," continued Walter smiling, "you must recollect, Mr. Donnerblits, that my acquaintance with yourself was but slight, and, for aught I could tell, you might have objected to me personally; at all events, I resolved not to run the risk of another refusal."

"Well," observed Mr. Donnerblits, putting on his spectacles, and beaming blandly at the runaways, "as the first step towards

neither Jean nor his son could bear their brilliance.

When he had finished, he took Jean and his son by the hand, sighed deeply, and fell back heavily upon his bed.

His mouth was closed, and the blazing lustre of his eyeballs had disappeared like the flare of a torch, which had been blown out. Two days afterwards the old notary was interred.

HUMOROUS RETORTS.

A RETORT may be either civil or uncivil courteous or uncourteous, witty or severe.

We must not always infer, because a man takes to the army as a profession, or for pastime, or even under any other circumstances adopts a military uniform, that a plucky and courageous disposition has prompted him to the act; or we might never have heard of the following: "Many days to your Honor, and may Heaven bless you for you once saved my life," said a tattered mendicant to a Captain under whom he had served. "Indeed," replied the gallant-looking officer, with a smile; "I have no particular recollection of the heroic circumstance. Maybe you mistake me for a doctor?" "No," answered the beggar; "I served under you at the famous battle of Corunna, in 1809; and when I saw you run away, I thought it was high time for me to quit the scene of action too, or otherwise I should certainly have been killed."

And however patriotic or brave we may imagine ourselves to be, it is perhaps not always advisable to boast of the same, or a cutting retort may await us, similar to that once received by a French officer, who, in a bombastical manner reproached a Swiss, with whom he was quarrelling, with his country's custom of fighting on either side for money; "while we Frenchmen," said he, "fight for honor." "Sir," replied the Swiss, "I have no doubt we all fight for what we need most."

It is also as well to assure ourselves that we are on the right side ere we venture to accuse any one wrongfully.

In the "good old times," some soldiers robbed a night-watchman of his coat, boots, and money. The next day he repaired to the Captain of the regiment to complain of his misfortune. The Captain at once asked him whether he had on at the time the same things he was then wearing. "Yes, sir, the very same," replied the poor man.

"Then, in that case, my good fellow," rejoined the Captain, "I can positively assure you that the paltry rascals do not belong to my distinguished company, otherwise they would have left you neither waistcoat, trousers, nor shirt."

A native of the Emerald Isle is credited with the well-known remark, "that he never opened his mouth but he put his foot in it." The subjoined example may be a case in point.

An Irish member of Parliament, boasting of his attachment to the jury system, in a room full of company, of whom Curran, the distinguished barrister and celebrated orator, was one, said: "With trial by jury I have lived, and by the blessing of God, with trial by jury I will die!" "Why then," said Curran, in mock amazement, "you've entirely made up your mind to be hanged, Dick!"

A witty nobleman once asked a clerical gentleman at the bottom of the table, why the goose, when there was one, was always placed next to the person. "Really, my lord," said the clergyman, "your question is somewhat difficult to answer, and so remarkably odd, that I vow I shall never see a goose again without being reminded of your lordship."

A shrewd "pawky" reply was given by one of the humbler folk to Lord Cockburn, who after a long stroll, was sitting on a hillside with a shepherd, and observing the sheep had selected the coldest situation for lying down. "Mac," said he, "I think, if I were a sheep, I should certainly have preferred the other side of that hill." The shepherd answered: "Ay, my lord; but if ye had been a sheep, ye would have had mair sense."

DEMORALIZATION OF ANIMALS.—In Belgium and other places men try to make dogs believe they are donkeys or ponies, by harnessing them to carts, but the attempt can never succeed. For a dog thus employed will always be a very indifferent donkey, and never a good dog. In Paris, again, the other day, a man demoralized all his bees by bringing their hives into the city and putting them down next a sugar warehouse. The bees, hitherto as pure-minded and upright insects as one could have wished to meet in a summer's day, developed at once an unnatural aversion to labor, and a not less unnatural tendency to larceny. Instead of winging their industrious way to the distant clover fields, and there gathering the innocent honey, they swarmed in disorderly mobs upon the sugar casks next door, and crawled about with their ill-gotten burdens upon the surrounding pavement. The owner of the hives benefited immensely by the proximity of the saccharine deposits, but it was at the sacrifice of all moral tone in the bees which he had tempted and which had fallen. I have often in the streets seen a cat trained to sit on the showman's stall, while linnets and canaries topped on and off its head, examining its paws, looking into its mouth, and otherwise testing the discipline of the little beast of prey. And I confess that, as often as I see the exhibition, I wish that, in assertion of the dignity of the great instincts of nature, the cat would forget its fear and bite off an inquisitive canary's head. It is not good for cats that they should respect little birds, nor for little birds that they should hold cats in contempt.

—WAR. . WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

A GOD-SEND TO OVERWORKED HOUSEKEEPERS and SERVANT-GIRLS.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF

The Frank Siddalls Soap

IT HAS MADE A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES.

IT HAS BEEN DECLARED by EDITORS and HOUSEKEEPERS to be one of the MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES of our Time.

And the "POST" now has the pleasure of telling its readers about its being a Labor-saving Invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to over-worked women and servant-girls. It is as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor. *The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes* is better and easier than the old way, and it will answer both for the finest laces and garments and the coarser clothing of the laboring-classes. It is a cheap Soap to use; and a few minutes' time on the part of a Housekeeper of ordinary intelligence is all that is necessary to show the washwoman how to use it, and every Housekeeper should *insist* on its being used *one time* EXACTLY BY THE DIRECTIONS.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP and THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF REFINEMENT.

A person of Refinement will be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF INTELLIGENCE.

A person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in following directions which are so easy that a child could understand them.

HOW TO TELL A PERSON OF HONOR.

A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.

A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜

Everywhere they Use Wash Boilers
Be Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Gentlepeople Use the Frank Siddalls Soap, we can buy as good as it!

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY, where it is not Sold at the Stores.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.

2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the "POST"

3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Make your Promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

Now by return mail a full-size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage-stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.

Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. *Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.* A wash-boiler standing unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows:—Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse-water, (without using any more Soap,) and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any blueing, for this Soap takes the place of blueing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make the blue-water soapy, *and the less blueing the better.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. *Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.*

☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, No. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

a better understanding, let us have dinner as soon as possible, and a glass of whisky punch to wind up with; and I think, as the matter is now settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, we had better go home together and celebrate the wedding in a proper manner."

"Spoken like a sensible old dada!" exclaimed Hetty, giving him a good sounding kiss.

"But you deceived me, Hetty," said Mr. Donnerblitz, trying to look severe, and failing signally in the attempt; "and your mother aided and abetted you in the deception."

"I plead guilty, papa; but, you know, all stratagems are fair in love and war."

An Unlucky Raid.

BY HENRY SMITH.

IN the good old days, when highway assaults were rife, and solitary travelers never journeyed without pistols in their pockets, and tremor at their hearts; when strange feats in the shape of starlight robberies were boasted of, and a "Knight of the Road" aspired to be called a gentleman, the following incident occurred.

One afternoon in early autumn, close upon sunset, a couple of well-dressed men, driving a light gig, in which was a poor jaded-looking horse, stopped at a wayside posting-inn, not a hundred miles from Bath, and requested accommodations for the night. They were fashionably attired, and spoke in condescending tones to the landlord and servants, using a few words now and then of town slang, as young bucks of the first water were proud to do in that day.

Giving the horse and gig over to the care of the ostler, they adjourned to the public room, and called for some light refreshments in the shape of drink, ordering a supper to be served later. The landlord himself brought in the brandy and water.

"What's this story about a highway robbery near here last night, landlord?" questioned one. "We heard of it on the road, coming along. Is it true?"

"Quite true, sir. Ah, gentlemen! it is a dreadful thing—though clever, I must say. My Lady Cantifere with her two daughters was driving home across the heath an hour or two after midnight, having been to a ball when their carriage was stopped by four mounted horsemen with cocked pistols. The old lady screamed and fainted; the young ones screamed and kicked; and the gentlemen, those audacious robbers, proceeded politely to rifle the ladies of every ornament they wore."

"Scoundrels!" interjected one of the guests.

"More than that your worships. What should those bold blades do but invite the damsels to tread a measure with them? It was a fine night, as you may perhaps remember, sirs; the moon beams shining bright on the bare heath. Out of the coach they handed them, and footed it in a minuet; dancing, it's said, to perfection, as though they had been brought up at the King's own [illegible], in spite of their lives. The young ones [illegible] in laughter, the [illegible] woke up from her faint and abused them all, robbers and daughters together. Oh, they are bold, these gentlemen of the highway!"

The two gentlemen, listening to this, had gone into bursts of laughter.

"But what of the men-servants?—what were they doing?" spluttered one.

"Only two were in attendance, sirs, it seems; my lady's footman in the dickey, and the postilion on the horses; and while two of the robbers were thus doing their dancing, the other two stood guard over the men, each with his pistol cocked and his hand on the trigger, ready to fire at the least movement."

"And the upshot?"

"The young ladies were bowed into their coach again, all with stately ceremony, and the robbers, after wishing them a very courteous good-night, rode off at a canter, with every jewel they had possessed, small or large, costly or simple, and my lady's purse into the bargain. They may well boast that they lead merry lives, those men! Fine commotion the news has caused round about us to-day, as you may imagine, gentlemen. Everybody's talking about it."

The landlord, being called for elsewhere, retired.

The travelers sipped at their glasses, laughing away, and conversing with one another in an undertone.

Dusk came on, and the older and taller of the two addressed his friend in a different tone.

"About time to see after the horse, isn't it, Jim? It's dark enough."

"I was just going to," answered Jim. And draining his glass, he went away to the stable-yard.

Looking about him, with the air of a connoisseur, after watching his horse eat up his oats, he made himself acquainted with the arrangements of the stables.

Some five or six splendid horses were in them.

In the box next to his own stood a splendid animal, evidently valuable.

"A better steed nor yourn, sir!" cried the ostler from behind, in a quiet voice; and the gentleman gave a start, not thinking anybody was near.

"A [illegible] and service, and he has been worked [illegible]," answered the stranger, [illegible].

"A very fine [illegible]. And yet," stepping back to look at it more at it, "were [illegible] might not be much inferior to this. [illegible] are not altogether alike, about the same height, and very much the same in color—brown."

With the last words, the stranger went back to the house, whistling.

The ostler peered after him through the dusk while he made his comments.

"You have got a chock, master, whoever you may be; and an impudent chock it is. Going and comparing of the two hosses like that!—this three hundred dollar beautiful animal, and that there wretched old hack o' theirn! What next? I wonder who they be, when they be at home?"

And, with that, he locked the stable door.

"Well?" cried the older traveler when the other one returned. "Any chance?"

"Never had a better chance in all our lives," was the answer.

"In the next box to ours stands one of the grandest animals you ever saw—same color, same size, or about it; worth a little fortune. And a set of silver-mounted harness hanging up by him."

"Silver-mounted?"

"Think so. Looks like it. We have got a rich chance, I tell you, Wade."

Supper was announced in due time, and the two hungry men did justice to it.

Afterwards they sat over the fire, with pipes and grog, and retired to their room about eleven o'clock.

The room, a [illegible] one, was not exactly on the ground floor, but it was not much higher.

A few steps leading off from the staircase conducted to it.

The travelers had chosen it in preference to one at first assigned them on the second floor; one of them observing that he liked to sleep near the ground in case a fire broke out in the night, of which he had a peculiar dread.

The first thing they did on entering the chamber was to double-lock the door and put the candle out; the second was to softly open the window, to stretch their necks out of it as far as they conveniently could, and to wish the moonlight was "hanged."

"Nothing of a drop, that," observed Wade, measuring with his eye the space to the ground.

"A child might jump it. Shut down the window, Jim, and let's have a pipe. Hang that moon again! I thought you were wrong in foretelling it would be a dark night."

Shutting the window as softly as he had opened it, Jim and his friend, each taking a short, well-worn pipe from his pocket, sat down to smoke.

From another pocket came forth a flask of some kind of liquor.

Thus they made themselves comfortable, and seemed to forget all about bed.

At any rate neither of them attempted to go to it.

They sat on, and smoked, and drank at the flask occasionally, and whispered together in hushed tones.

At last the clock struck two.

One of them rose, drew aside the window curtain and looked out.

A suppressed shout of exultation broke from him.

"Wade, Wade! the night has changed. It's raining, and the moon is gone. I knew rain was coming."

"Man alive, don't make that row," retorted the other. "We don't want the house woke up."

Putting away their pipes and flasks, they opened the window with crafty gentleness, and dropped down on the ground outside it one after the other.

The night was very dark, no light, or glimmer of it, was to be seen anywhere.

Making their way round cautiously to the coach-house and stables, Jim produced a master key which undid the [illegible].

The stable door he undid was the one that had the valuable horse in it; and he was surprised to find what an easy lock it was.

Then, while the other man kept watch, he hastily and noiselessly stanched the horse to their own gig, using the harness he had admired so greatly.

The rain was dashing down smartly, which tendered to deaden other sounds.

When all was ready they cautiously led the horse and gig out of the yard, and to a distance beyond it, got in, drove away at a spanking pace.

So far they were well-satisfied with their night's work, and congratulated themselves on the valuable prize they had captured in the horse and harness.

It's true the horse appeared to require the [illegible] Jim, who was driving [illegible].

"[illegible] horses, four horses, four horses," [illegible].

"[illegible], my gentleman, and [illegible]. What a pity [illegible] looking upon [illegible].

"[illegible] was [illegible] coming [illegible].

"What will the job bring us in, Jim?"

"A hundred, clear, I reckon. And an old hack thrown in to complete the bargain."

On the heath now, they began laughing over the past night's adventure there, as related to them by the landlord.

They had no fear of the [illegible] themselves, not they; such gentry do not prey upon one another.

"Hang it, Jim! can't you drive faster?" cried Wade.

Jim made no answer.

He was beginning to feel somewhat puzzled; for, unless he was greatly mistaken, the beautiful horse betrayed unmistakable signs of giving in.

Their own wretched animal could do as well as that.

Presently it stopped; stopped dead from exhaustion.

"What the devil's the matter with him?" demanded Wade.

"He shot if I know. He seems dead beat. It's so dark one can see nothing. Wish that moon would come out!—the rain has ceased."

"Well, this is a pretty go!" exclaimed the other, as the horse, in spite of whip and word, refused to go.

"Brought up, before one's half way out of the reach of danger, with a stolen horse! You must have been mistaken in the [illegible] of the animal, Jim; never knew you to take one before."

"It beats me hollow," returned Jim, his crestfallen tone betraying some alarm. "As to being mistaken in him, I know I never was; there. Something extraordinary must ail the horse."

He jumped out of the gig and began feeling the animal with his hands. At the same moment the coy moon burst out from behind the clouds and shone down in all her splendor.

Jim felt the horse, stared at it, and stared again.

The other one in the gig was also gazing [illegible].

Simultaneously a shout of dismay, followed by an imprecation, burst from both of the men.

[illegible] and at their own horse.

[illegible] of having made a mistake [illegible] the wrong stable; Jim vowing by all that's blue that he had opened the right one.

"Anyway, we've got the harness," pleaded Jim.

The remark caused Wade to turn his eyes on it; its silver points were glittering in the moonlight. A closer glance, and then another angry shout broke from him.

"Look here, you fool—here's a crest."

"Hey—what?" cried Jim, turning round.

Sure enough; the silver-mounted harness bore a family crest with its Latin motto, and could no doubt be identified anywhere. Certainly this night's anticipated spoils was not lucky in any way.

* * * * * *

Next morning the landlord of the inn was intensely surprised at the disappearance of the travelers, and at the spiriting away of some harness that belonged to the young Viscount Dare. He stood in the stable-yard talking with his ostler.

"But for me his lordship's hoss would ha' gone too," cried the ostler stolidly.

"When I see one o' they two gents a poking and peering about here last night under cover o' the dusk, and see him gazing at [illegible] animal with hungry eyes, and next watched him a fingering the stable-lock, it struck me what he might be after—the wanting to have a try at changing their own sorry hack for this one. So the last thing at night, before turning in, I changed the horses; putting theirn in the best stable, and t'other here, and made him safe with my bar and padlock which can't be poked. And they've just been and gone away with their own."

"Why didn't you change the harness as well?"

"Well, I never thought o' the harness."

But in the course of the day a messenger brought the harness back—and did not wait to ask for that of the travelers.

So the landlord, by the bargain, got a set of plain harness, which really was not bad, and he let the unlucky thieves alone.

The Old Notary.

BY S. V. J.

THERE lived in Paris, a few years ago, an old notary. He possessed the confidence of the richest and most respectable families.

This notary, whose name it is not important to mention, had a numerous family and an ample fortune. At eighty years of age he had retired from business, leaving his practice in the hand of his eldest son. One day, when an officious friend asked him if he had made his will, the old notary replied, with a singular smile, that he would have time enough to make it after his death.

The friend looked at the old man, fearing that he had suddenly taken leave of his [illegible].

The notary smiled again.

"I understand your thought," said he, "but I take my four meals a day; I walk without a stick, I read without spectacles, and I have more wit than the greater part of those who pass for [illegible]. I have already [illegible]. I shall make my will when I am dead."

His friend said nothing further on the subject, but recounted his conversation to the notary's son, who did not seem to be at all surprised at it.

"I am aware of it," said he; "it is a point on which one cannot argue with him; my dear father thinks he has a secret by which he can bring himself again to life. It is an illusion which has always astonished me in a man of such rare intelligence."

This answer very much astounded the friend; and, curious to know what the secret could be, he asked the notary's son if he knew what it was?

"Perfectly well," replied he; "it is a thing within the reach of the poorest purse. [illegible] marvellous recipe [illegible] every street in Paris. My father learned it from a sorcerer, to whom he had rendered an important service; an Italian Count, a descendant, perhaps, of Cagliostro, and whom, it seems to me, I can still see, with his tall figure, his grey hair, his noble bearing, his black eyes, which shone with a surprising fire, and his decorations. His only payment was the revealing of this mystery, and my father felt quite contented with this quittance."

The friend insisted no longer, and the notary continued to live like a man who thought himself stronger than [illegible].

Some time after this the [illegible] experienced one of those inexplicable sensations which, to certain powerful organizations, are a presage of death.

He called his servant, an old Breton, who had waited on him forty years, with the patience of a beaver, and the fidelity of a dog.

"Jean," said he, laying his hand on the shoulder of his ancient servitor, "remember well what I am going to say to thee, and swear to me to do what I am going to ask of thee."

"I swear it!" said the Breton.

"If I should die suddenly, make me take an ice as soon as it shall be evident that I am dead."

The Breton, accustomed to passive obedience, promised to do so without making any observation.

From that day, every evening during a whole month, the notary repeated his command to the old servant.

One morning the notary was stricken with apoplexy.

The physician declared that every remedy was useless, and that it would be impossible to recall him to life, even for five minutes.

The rattling in the old man's throat was perfectly frightful.

His bloody eyes stared upon the Breton with terrific fixity.

For a moment he raised himself on his elbow, reached his hand toward the servant, and said to him, in a voice that seemed like the last cry of the death-agony—

"Remember!" and he fell back on the pillow a lifeless mass.

He was dead.

It was known that the notary had many arrangements to make; he had frequently stated his intention of leaving legacies to a grandson whose mother was dead, and to several of the servants.

In this patriarchal family in which respect for the paternal authority was preserved entire, the old notary's death excited in the mind of his eldest son a pious regret that he was unable to obey wishes, which, though he had partly divined them, he did not clearly comprehend.

A profound silence reigned in the chamber of death, that terrible silence which is only interrupted by sobs.

Jean, kneeling in a corner, was praying with that fervent ardor which the Breton peasants drink in with their mother's milk.

When he had done praying, he arose.

"Monsieur," said he to the son, "this is the moment."

The son looked at the servant as one who does not comprehend.

"Yes, monsieur," continued Jean, "it is perhaps a sacrilege, but I have sworn—I must obey."

The son suddenly remembered the belief which the old notary had entertained since the visit of the Italian Count.

"Thou art a brave and worthy servitor," said he to Jean; "but dost thou believe that what my poor father has demanded of thee can possibly be of any use!"

"I believe in God," replied the Breton; "if my action is criminal, I have prayed that the fault may rest with me only. I will do what I promised."

"Go, then," said the son.

Jean went out, and soon returned, bringing an ice upon a tray. He approached the notary's bed, and raised the sheet which a [illegible] had thrown over his face.

The features were already stamped with that character of serene grandeur and majesty which death imprints on the forehead of men, these older sons of God.

Jean laid his hand upon the notary's breast; it was already cold as marble; the heart beat no longer.

Stiffness had entered into the limbs when the vital warmth departed.

The old servant opened the lips of the dead, and slipped a spoonful of ice between his teeth.

Jean himself was as pale as the corpse of his master.

He continued his work, which borrowed, from the end which he proposed to himself, a character of mystery, solemnity, and expectation.

Suddenly a shudder passed through the frame of the notary; he opened his eyes, and sat up.

"My father!" cried the son, springing toward the bed with open arms.

"My son, I am dead," said the notary, raising his cold and livid hand; "trouble not this hour. Bring a notary; go—my second life will last but one hour."

The voice of the dead man had an accent so clear and so firm, his glance was so full of fire, his gesture so authoritative, that the son obeyed.

A cold sweat stood upon his brow.

"Jean," resumed the corpse of the notary, thanks. Get ready quickly a table, pens, and ink; set a chair. Good."

The son entered, followed by a notary, who had been intimately acquainted with the patriarch of the company.

"Make haste, my dear sir," exclaimed the dead man, "I count the moments."

The notary took a seat, dipped his pen in ink, and commenced the preamble usual in acts of this kind.

When he had finished he raised his head.

"Very good," said the corpse; "now write."

And with a voice clear and sonorous as the sound of a light hammer striking on a plate of steel, he dictated his last wishes. His eyes shone like phosphorous, and

Our Young Folks.

WILL'S CANARY.

BY E. K. O.

As far as outward appearances went, Will did not look like a person capable of buying anything.

His dirty elbows squarely planted on the ledge of the big bird-fancier's window, his bare feet elevated on the bushy end of his broom, oblivious to all idea of prosecuting his profession, he was intently watching the antics of a pretty canary in a wooden cage in the far corner.

Presently the proprietor of it and all the other wonders inside sauntered to the doorway, and glanced up and down the street in quest of the evening paper boy.

Will was a far-seeing lad, and seized the opportunity to place himself on speaking terms with the great man.

"I'll bring him here for you, sir; he's just round the corner."

Wherever round the corner might mean, the news-boy was promptly unearthed and brought to the fore, and Will was rewarded with the penny change.

He lingered a minute, after he received it, looking wistfully at the canary.

"Is he very dear, sir?" he asked, pointing to him with his grimy forefinger.

The man glanced in the direction and laughed.

"Two dollars, with the cage," he said, unfolding his paper and beginning to read.

It might as well have been two hundred; but Will was no gambler.

"I don't suppose I shall ever have that," he remarked; "but if I did, and he wasn't sold, would you let me buy him?"

The shopkeeper looked down at the dirty, ragged figure especially.

"Anybody may buy him that's got the money," he said; "but I hope to find a customer for him before you're ready."

And then he went back into his shop, and Will took up his broom and went back to his neglected crossing.

Fortune knocks at every man's door once they say; and in the course of the next three months Will certainly considered that she had knocked at his very loudly indeed.

She had transformed him into a comparatively prosperous bootblack, and he fully appreciated his rise in the social scale.

Sweeping a crossing may be a thoroughly respectable occupation, still it has the reputation of being only one remove from begging, and Will regarded his successor in the [illegible] with a mixture of [illegible] but the latter must have found a little trying to put up with sometimes.

It had come about quite naturally. The master of a ragged school, which he occasionally attended in the evenings, had recommended him to a benevolent gentleman, and after a week or two he had been fitted out with boots, better clothes, and a supply of brushes.

He soon had a regular connection of patrons, too.

There was one tall, thin man, with an absent expression, who stopped three times every week regularly—Monday, Thursday, and Saturday.

His garments were faded and decidedly old-fashioned, and he invariably carried a small black volume, and studied it thoughtfully while the polishing process was going on.

He was the last customer on those particular days, and when he disappeared Will folded up his stock-in-trade and started for home, and he always contrived that the way thither should lead past the bird-fancier's window, for he was faithful still in his admiration for the canary.

The money had never had to be spared as yet, and a bright hope was beginning to dawn in Will's mind that some day he might represent that privileged person himself.

He had a half-dollar safely boarded up in a piece of newspaper, towards the price of the bird.

It would be a work of time certainly; but he was willing to wait cheerfully if only no one else bought it in the interval.

This night it was still safe, and, better still, the assistant was standing at the door untwisting some tangled wire.

He was not nearly such an awe-inspiring personage as his master, and Will entered into conversation with him on the spot.

"You've got the canary there yet," he began.

The young man looked round carelessly. "Yes, and likely to be there; people want parrots and cockatoos mostly now, ill-tempered things that they are; one nearly took my finger off this morning."

Will glanced sympathetically at the almost invisible wound.

"Let me bend that wire," he offered in a tone of pity and commiseration; "you may hurt it worse."

The young man hesitated to [illegible] an assistant. "You can come in and look at the birds for a minute, if you like," he said, graciously, when the wire was conquered, and neatly rolled up; "only don't make a noise about it."

Will slipped in very quietly, and walked straight up to his favorite's cage.

The pretty creature! it put its head on one side, and looked up at him with bright eyes, as if it knew him for a friend.

Will put in his finger and stroked the bird's [illegible] he would have [illegible] hour for such a [illegible]

The man [illegible] looking on [illegible] lovely and quite unconcerned."

"It's very tame," he remarked; "but it's not as pretty as some of the others.

"Pretty!" ejaculated Will, "I think he's just lovely. Don't let anybody buy him if you can help it. Is he as dear still as he was?"

"Two dollars," returned the other, looking at a mysterious hieroglyphic on the cage; "but you might get a quarter taken off perhaps. You'd better go now."

So Will reluctantly quitted the place. Nevertheless, he had opened an acquaintance with his future possession; he and his bird were not strangers now by any means. He stopped under the first lamp-post, and added a cent or two to his little store.

But from this half to a dollar was a long step; it took a good many steps to reach that stage.

Every night he always went round to look at his bird, and by the sigh of relief, when he caught sight of it, he realized how great had been his anxiety through the dangerous daylight hours, when possible customers were abroad.

He would stand at the door, if the coast were clear, and chirrup to the bird till he almost persuaded himself that there was a sound of recognition in the note it sent back to him.

Standing at the corner one evening, he was pondering over the matter, when the tall, thin, absent-minded gentleman presented himself for the usual brushing.

It was too dark this time to continue his studies, so he thoughtfully watched the play of the brushes instead.

When the process was completed, he put the money in payment into Will's palm, settled his book under his arm, and went away with a gentle "Good-night."

Will looked after him an instant, then some curious "feel" in the size of the coin struck him, and he bent down hastily beside his little lamp.

It was a gold quarter eagle. Will caught up his breath with one great gasp, and he turned the money over and over; but there was no mistake about it.

In the quietness of the night, however, came a creeping doubt.

Was the money really his? Ought he not to tell the gentleman about it?

Will tossed and turned, and tried to put that view of the case out of his mind.

"If he did ask, he wasn't obliged to tell him," he argued; "men ought to be more careful.

"He didn't say about making mistakes of that kind, and it would be a lesson for the [illegible]

But somehow Will got up the next morning with a sense of weight and wrong that he had never felt before, in all his misfortunes.

It was a soaking wet day, and customers were few and far between; still he scarcely heeded that fact: and leaning against the great pillar, his hands deep in his pockets, the rain pattered down upon him unnoticed and unfelt.

And in this position he continued even when the evening came, and the candle by the side of his box had been lighted by him.

"If he asks me about it I'll give it to him," he decided at last, "but if he doesn't, I won't.

And having come to that decision, he waited with feverish impatience for Saturday.

Saturday came in due course, and just at the edge of dusk came the tall, thin gentleman, and put his foot on the block.

Will held his breath as he brushed, and the slow minutes dragged past without a word about the coin.

Presently the suspense ended, the gentleman laid down a half-dime and went on his way.

Will watched him down the street with a long sigh; but it was not one of relief and safety altogether.

He had been trained up with little care, but he had kept a strong sense of honesty always; and deep in the lad's heart, under all the reasoning and sophistry, lay a conviction that he was no longer acting fairly and honestly.

It was the first real struggle of his life, and Monday ended it.

When he had brushed the gentleman's second boot that day, he rose up and drew the gold piece out of his pocket.

"You gave me this last Thursday, sir, instead of the nickel," he said, abruptly.

The stranger looked startled. "Did I, my lad? I must have been thinking of something else. Thank you, good-night.

And he hadn't even paid for his brushing!

Clearly virtue was to be its own reward. Will shouldered his box in grim silence, and went away to the old familiar haunt.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and poor Will flattened his face against the dingy glass and looked at his bird through a mist of tears.

It had been so close, so close, and now in the sudden revulsion it seemed almost impossible that he should ever be able to reach up to it at all; yet notwithstanding, he was glad the struggle was over, and the matter out of his power; and after a long silent look he went quietly home.

Tuesday and Wednesday went by rather hopelessly; Wednesday evening brought the unthinking cause of all his perplexity, and, to Will's utter amazement, the oracle began to talk.

"Did you not say it was Thursday that I gave you that money?" he commenced.

"Yes, sir," answered Will, not seeing the drift of the question, and walking straight into the snare laid for his unconscious feet.

"Then why did you not tell me about it on Saturday? I saw you that day."

No reason. Will was sure that his [illegible] coming home [illegible] him.

"Why was it?" repeated his inquisitor.

"Because—because I wanted—I wanted to keep it."

"Ah! and——"

"And it made me feel mean and miserable," burst out Will, "so I told you."

"And what would you have done with it if you had not told me."

"Done? I should have had my bird by now.

"You don't know anything about him, but he's different from all the other birds. I'd been saving up for him for months.

"Wouldn't you like to see him?" he added, hastily, with a sudden inspiration that the sight would account for his conduct better than any words; "it isn't a minute's walk."

And so it came to pass that five minutes later saw Will and the tall, thin gentleman earnestly gazing into the bird-fancier's window.

"Don't you think we should see it better from the inside?" he suggested presently, passing in through the door.

Will followed, mute with astonishment, straight up to the canary's corner, and there the owner of the shop bore down upon them.

"We stepped inside to look at your bird," explained the stranger. "Two dollars I understand is the price of it."

"Yes, sir; and all I can say is that he's worth a great deal more, only there's not much demand for them just now."

The gentleman drew out a small leather bag.

Will was standing close by, and shyly slipped his little parcel of savings into his hand, and then two bright dollars were laid down on the counter, and the little wooden cage and its tenant put into Will's arms.

They went back, a silent little procession, down the street.

Will tried once or twice to say something of his gratitude, but there was a curious choked sensation in his throat, and the words wouldn't come.

His benefactor seemed to understand it, and dismissed him at the corner with a kindly pat.

"Do your duty always, whether it's easy or not, my boy, and all the rest will be right with you," he said. "Now, good-night, and take care of your bird."

Take care of it! wouldn't he? There was no gladder face in the city than Will's, as he went home with his long-waited-for friend.

TOO LATE.

BY PERCY VERE.

CLYDE involuntarily reined in his horses that he might have a better look at the young girl who had just passed him.

He had seen her coming, when she was a long distance down the road, conspicuous by her bright scarlet cloak that made such a glow against the dead-white of the snowy landscape.

And then, as she came near him, and looked up, he realized that he was face to face with the most glorious eyes that ever had been lifted to his, and Clyde was thirty-five, and felt forty-five, and had travelled half over the world, and been presented to princesses and duchesses and charming women without number, and had broken more hearts than he could remember.

Handsome, wealthy, aristocratic, disgusted with life, wearied with the satiety of good things, that had all his life been laid at his feet for his taking, he had rushed away from the holiday festivities, and had come down to "Rose-holme" and spent his Christmas and New Year in absolute solitude, so far as human companionship went, with his books, his horses, his thoughts, deaf and dumb to the score of letters every mail brought him beseeching his return—even cruelly negligent of Virginie le Breton's little coaxing notes, who certainly, of all women, had the best right to command him seeing that he had been her most devoted for the past three months.

And this sparkling winter morning he had had his fastest pair ordered to his mail, and in sealskin cap and driving-gloves, and fur-lined and trimmed overcoat, he was driving at his usual reckless pace over the magnificent road, when—he passed Olga Merriam, wrapped in her thick long cloak of deepest scarlet cloth, and a scarlet sephyr hood all flossy fringes and ribbons on her head, her dark hair peeping out in half-curling rings on her low white forehead, her cheeks flushed, her lips warmly, lusciously red, and her eyes—

Clyde felt as though an electric shock had been administered as their eyes met in a brief casual glance, and acting upon the impulse, a thing he was very much in the habit of doing, as all your handsome, selfish men are—he reined his horses sharply in, bringing them back upon their haunches in quivering subjection to his low, authoritative word and his strong wrists.

And then he turned around, more interest in his face than any one had seen there in the last five years.

Just as Olga Merriam turned around—impelled by that mysterious psychological influence all have felt; and met his glance, and—slipped on a treacherous frozen lump of snow, and—did not get up.

Clyde was out of the mail and at her side in a second.

"Are you hurt? Let me assist you to rise Miss——"

"I am afraid I have sprained my ankle. It was so stupid of me to fall."

What a voice, even through its vibrations of ill-concealed suffering!

"I hope not. Surely such a little fall would——"

But while he spoke Olga fainted at his feet.

There was but one thing to do, and in the name of common humanity Trevor Clyde picked the unconscious girl up as gently as a woman might have done, as only a strong man could have done, and fitted her into the carriage, and turned his horses about and galloped to Roseholme, a half-mile off.

And when, ten minutes later, Olga came back from the long dangerous swoon to find herself on the lounge in the magnificent library, and Dr. Lawrence, her own physician, and Mrs. Barton, the housekeeper at Roseholme, in attendance, while Roseholme's master, anxious, handsome, interested, stood watching the proceedings, she knew her life romance had begun.

It was so perfectly natural that Trevor Clyde should fall in love with her, he who had fallen in love with a dozen pretty women in his time.

And Olga was particularly lovely, saucy, piquant, yet reserved and proud.

And a week from the time he and Dr. Lawrence had driven her home from Roseholme in the coach, with a mattress and blankets making a warm comfortable nest, Trevor Clyde was ready for almost anything where she was concerned.

Not a day but he had called at the little grey cottage where she and her silent sternfaced sister lived.

Books, hot-house flowers, hot-house fruits nothing was too good, too expensive for her, and to see her eyes light up at sight of him, to watch her resolute efforts to hide from him the love for him that was growing with every day was the keenest pleasure that had come to him for many a year.

For she loved him.

How could it have been otherwise?

He was the man above all others to command her, perhaps the only master her heart would ever have known.

So much was crowded into that little ten days' time, and although Trevor Clyde had by some unaccountable power quite astonishingly strange to himself refrained from a direct avowal of his passion for her, yet they both understood it as well as though the most explicit words had been said.

Olga was perfectly happy.

Proud, honorable, unsuspicious, she never had a thought that Trevor Clyde's love for her was not as exquisitely loyal as hers for him, and so when he came one day and told her he was telegraphed to return to town for a day or so, but would come back to Roseholme at the very earliest moment, she never for a second doubted him.

Nor did Trevor Clyde doubt himself that he would return.

Miss le Breton had telegraphed him that he must come, or one of her entertainments would fall flat.

And just a little ashamed of having buried himself in the country so long, and half-wondering what he would say, and more than a little fearful that some one would fathom the attraction, Clyde concluded to obey his fair friend's behest, and then come back.

He fully meant it; give him all the credit he deserves.

But when he went back among his associates, when he was at home again among the fashionable ladies of the day, and saw the difference between them and the girl he had so madly dreamed of placing at the head of the table, it was a terrible struggle—perhaps the first that Trevor Clyde had ever had with himself.

All his life the way had been made smooth to him, and he had only to go whichever way suited him best.

But now—he realized there must be a decisive choice made between the little dark-eyed girl in the country, who suited his heart as no other woman ever had, or ever would, and the city lady who would do such royal honor to his name, his taste, who would queen it in society as Trevor Clyde's wife would be expected to do.

But which?

Amid all the rapturous welcomes that greeted his return, that question, stern, uncompromising, stared him perpetually in the face.

And so the days went on and still undecided, he did not go back.

Even when Olga waited, at first all sweet patience, full of trusting happiness, then busy making excuses for him, until

He made his decision one day, and with the impatient impulse so characteristic of him, gave himself no rest until he had sealed his bargain—the latter was, in his very soul, he knew was wrong now, and yet there were [illegible] kinds of custom and pride and social obligation permitted.

He went straight to Miss le Breton, and found her as usual gracious, elegant, the very woman, he told himself in a feverish sort of exultation, who would do him credit.

He told his story well, and she listened with rare grave grace, and then—informed him that she had been engaged for some time to a gentleman absent in Europe—expressed no regrets and—sent him away feeling strangely bewildered, because he could not tell whether he was relieved or chagrined or disappointed.

"It seems it is time," he said to himself, "I was to marry the girl I love, and give up my selfishness or frowns. I have done my very best for its favor, and failed. I will submit to my own needs."

And it was with a lighter heart than had throbbed in his breast for many a day that Clyde journeyed by the first express to Roseholme, one bright, balmy early March day, when it seemed that the south winds and blue sky were stolen from the promise of the glad May that was to come.

And—just in time—to meet, as he sat contentedly back in his barouche—Olga Merriam's funeral.

Grains of Gold.

Join hands with the virtuous.

The truly generous is the truly wise.

Silence does not always mark wisdom.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner.

Injure not another's reputation or business.

Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.

Engage in argument with every person you meet.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an improper act.

He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.

The world does not require so much to be informed as to be reminded.

Jealousy is the sentiment of property, but envy is the instinct of theft.

Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil, the product of all climes.

Suffering itself does not less afflict the senses than the fear of suffering.

Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle can know nothing of it.

Never listen to other people, for if you do, you may forget what to say yourself.

In memory's mellowed light we behold not the thorns; we see only the flowers.

Experience is a trophy composed of all the weapons we have been wounded with.

Cast your nets in the right water, and they make take fish while you are sleeping.

One who is never busy can never enjoy rest, for rest implies relief from previous labor.

Don't scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it your forehead will resemble a small railway map.

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living.

If our whole time was spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work.

It is an admitted fact that men who use their brains live longer, other things being equal, than the men who do not.

When you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity, unless you have denied yourself something to enable you to bestow the gift.

If a person makes a mistake in grammar, or calls a word wrong, always correct him, especially if there be several persons around to hear you.

It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness.

This life is not ordained in vain; it is constituted for a grand purpose, if through its lessons of experience we become convinced that this life is not all.

Always talk of your private, personal and family matters while conversing with strangers. They like to listen to long accounts of how you had the rheumatism.

It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. Our confidential friends have not as much to do in shaping our lives as the thoughts which we harbor.

Scandal, when it has truth in it, is like a grease spot on new cloth, but when there is no truth in it, it is like a splash of mud, which will come off easily when dry.

To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach, or to one side, with the knees elevated on a level with the head, is not only in bad taste, but very detrimental to health.

A good conscience is an excellent thing, and so, too, is a winsome manner. It should be carefully cultivated. When frankness becomes rudeness it should be properly checked.

Every increase of knowledge may possibly render depravity more depraved, as well as it may increase the strength of virtue. It is in itself only power, and its value depends on its application.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts, therefore, guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notion unsuitable to virtue, and unreasonable to nature.

It is a sour, malignant envious disposition, without taste for the reality, or any image or representation of virtue, that sees with joy the unmerited fall of what had long flourished in splendor and in honor.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor; and these attributes include all that is of much value in this life.

It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home-feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow.

It is a piece of pedantry to introduce foreign words into our language, when we have terms of legitimate English origin that express all that these exotics convey, with the advantage of being intelligible to every one.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind, and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing everything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs that he proposes to remove.

Persons who indulge in a dreamy and visionary habit of mind are frequently both unpractical and unsuccessful; but this proceeds not from an excess of imaginative power, but from the lack of training it aright, and of supplementing its action by determined industry.

Femininities.

The woman question—"Did you bring me that extra money?"

Write plainly on all postal cards. The time of a postmistress is valuable.

Under the laws of the Pilgrim Fathers a man could not kiss his wife on Sunday.

A young lady threw down her book in disgust when she read in Carlyle, "Never, or hardly ever."

"My wife," remarked Fitznoodle, "is fairly crazy over the fashions. She's got the delirium trimmins."

A young lady who was squeezed between two freight cars, says it felt just like trying on a new pair of corsets.

Minersville has a young lady who has no fingers on one hand, and is an excellent performer on the piano and organ.

Shakspeare, in the compass of a line, has described a thoroughly charming girl: Pretty, and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle.

The difference between a sentimental young girl and an old hat is only a difference of tense. One has feeling, and the other has felt.

In Paris the bride who is past her youth does not wear pearl-grey or lavender, those hues belonging to the widow who marries again.

"No one ever gets rich on modesty," says a meek young man, "unless an heiress takes advantage of leap-year, and proposes to him."

Chicago girls have discovered that by keeping five or six beans in the mouth, the voice is given an "old, aristocratic family" accent.

Miss Dora Apple, of Chicago, is suing Mr. Stone, of Washington, demanding $20,000. And it serves him right. Mr. Stone should have paired his apple.

Miss Wedde, of Prussia, is sixteen years old, eight feet high, and weighs 280 pounds. What a mother-in-law that girl will make when she gains experience!

"Do you believe in a future life, in which we shall renew the ties that bind us together here?" "I do," said the henpecked husband, sadly, "but I don't want to."

A man who wants his wife to love and respect him will never make the mistake of putting his feet into her slippers. Years of devotion will not wipe out the insult.

"And now," shouts an excited exchange, "where shall we look for independence?" Friend and brother, searching and long-suffering fellow-sufferer, look in the kitchen!

A lecturer declares that "some of the most literary Boston ladies are the best housekeepers, and say their best thoughts come to them when they are about their work."

"Pa," asked little Johnny, "what does the teacher mean by saying that I must have inherited my bad temper?" "She meant, Johnny, that you are your mother's own boy."

A well-known lawyer declared one day at a dinner that the biggest thing he had ever done was to cross-examine a man until he did not know whether he was married or not.

A statistician computes that one hundred and fifty tons of human hair annually change owners in France. This does not include the locks that change owners in conjugal unpleasantness.

The New York boy who read the verse the other day, "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from guile," had no authority, perhaps, for his revised version, but the teaching was sound.

The Chinaman who thought he was Americanized enough to squeeze a Texas girl's hand on the sly, has departed for some quiet place in the hills where he can pick sixty bird-shot out of his legs.

"A Lady Subscriber" asks why Paris papers are so wicked. We do not know, but an exchange informs us that there are over one hundred women journalists in Paris. Does that help you out any?

When a friend asked a reformed inebriate the cause of his reformation, he said: "As you are married you will understand it when I say that getting tipsy makes me see my mother-in-law double!"

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgety old spinster to her maid-of-all-work. "Why," replied the girl, blandly, "the candles fell into the water, and I put them into the oven to dry."

A Western paper says a young man out there was engaged to marry a young lady, but she retrograded him. He then took a step further, and proposed to her mother. They are now boosing that girl together.

A lady consulted St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge. "Why," says he, "some pious men object to it; others see no harm in it; I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on one cheek."

The theory that women dress to please men will not stand, a London journal declares, against the all but universal rule that men admire black and white toilets, and yet that the majority of women dress in colors.

A Brooklyn man has been sent to jail for "kissing his girl good-night." This should teach Brooklyn young men a lesson. They will probably hereafter imitate the young men in other cities—i. e., remain a couple of hours longer, and kiss her good-morning.

Although Samuel D. Evans, of Haverhill, Mass., was seventy years old, and had buried two wives, he put himself into such sentimental relations with Nora Hurd, aged forty, that she has obtained a verdict of one thousand dollars in a breach of promise suit.

A contemporary asks, "How shall women carry their purses to frustrate the thieves?" Why, carry them empty. Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse, after following her half a mile, and then find that it contained nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother.

News Notes.

The father of Jesse James, the outlaw, was a minister.

Celluloid is now used for the very large type for poster-printing.

The raising of geese is becoming an extensive branch of industry in Texas.

Prof. Proctor says that 150,000,000 years hence our days will be 1,300 hours long.

"Disintestined" is the new word to use when a burning building has been cleared of its contents.

One Chicago firm which cans and cures meats, kills and packs 200,000 cattle and 3,000,000 hogs a year.

A silver watch that had been buried in a Maryland grave for twenty years, is now keeping good time.

The workmen on a railroad near Denver, Col., have come upon a petrified forest at a depth of ten feet.

Orange leaves, six by ten inches, are to be used instead of palmetto leaves for fans in some parts of Florida.

A colored woman in Columbia, Georgia, pierced her hand with a catfish fin, and died a few days later from blood-poisoning.

A New York butcher says that the tin which Britain sends to America for cans goes a good way toward paying for American meat.

The elephant Jumbo was passed free of duty at the New York Custom House, on the ground that he was imported for breeding purposes.

A firm in Manchester, Eng., has succeeded in turning out blankets, from paper, which are as warm and pliable as wool, and cost but a trifle.

The little son of the King of Greece has been christened "Andrew." He is said to be the only prince in Europe who bears that beautiful name.

A resident of Biddeford, Me., is reported to have made the trip from that place to Boston, something over nine-- miles, on his bicycle seventy-four times.

The city o. New York spends $4,000,000 a year on her public schools, and $60,000,000 is expended during the same time in her 9,212 drinking places.

Several poisoned dogs were thrown into the Oconee river at Milledgeville, Ga., the other day, and citizens are now refusing to buy fish from that stream.

The Chinese residents of Boston have established a lodge of Free Masons, numbering 30 members. In China there are many thousands of Masons.

Henry Ward Beecher denies the report that he will retire from the pulpit when he is seventy. He proposes to preach it out on the same line, if it takes a lifetime.

Of the 1,500,000,000 bushels of wheat, which is the annual product of the world, the United States produce 420,000,000 bushels, one-third of which goes over the sea.

The London Saturday Review says the Buddhist religion is the only one of the great religions of the globe that has never been propagated by conquest or persecution.

Sixty-seven loaves of bread are given to the poor every Saturday at St. John's Chapel, New York. A bequest for this purpose was made thirty years ago by John Leake.

The Duke of Westminster, who is 57 years old, and who is about to marry Lady Cavendish, who is 30 years younger, has an income of $10,000 a day from ground rents alone.

A Cincinnati paper irreverently remarks that a clergyman seldom accepts a call to a better church and salary without informing the old flock that he has wrestled long and earnestly in prayer.

A married couple of Leavenworth, after living together for thirteen years, are asking for a divorce on the ground that they are uncle and niece, a relationship which they have only just discovered.

The ceremonies at ending the coronation of the Czar of Russia will take place at Moscow in August, and will occupy fifteen days. It will cost $6,700,000. The coronation of the preceding Czar cost $12,000,000.

Be careful how you address your postal cards. It is said that 2,500 of these little missives reach the dead letter office every day for want of proper address. The proper rule is to write the address plainly the first thing.

The golden rose, which the Pope blesses on the fourth Sunday of Lent, and sends as a mark of especial favor to some Catholic Princess, was this year sent to Stephanie of Belgium, bride of Rudolph, Prince Imperial of Austria.

A boy of five months in Kingsville, Ohio, son of Mr. J. N. Kinnear, is said to walk and talk "like a little man." A correspondent of a Western paper asserts that its mind is as well developed as the average child of twelve years.

Patterson, N. J., is supposed to possess more one-eyed men than any other city in the United States except, perhaps, Pittsburg. Nine-tenths of those thus afflicted are workers in iron and steel, and have been struck in the eye with metal chippings.

A patient complains that doctors prescribe more medicine than is necessary. The medicine left over from a prescription is a dead loss to the man who is cured, and he can not, like the old lady who took the box of pills, take it to keep it from being wasted.

A Michigan revivalist goes on the road this season with what he advertises as "the most complete camp-meeting outfit ever invented, consisting of a handsome pavilion, splendidly painted, and portable stand, reed organ, and gilded crook in the pulpit."

Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney, Liver or Urinary Diseases.

Have no fears of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great, puffed-up pretended cures.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs those organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL,

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
"Radway on Scrofula."

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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New Publications.

One of the best ideas in the way of cheap and good publications of standard novels, etc., is that proposed by the J. W. Lovell Co., New York. They intend issuing in large, clear type, and on excellent paper, bound in ornamental cover, in handy duodecimo, the leading books of the day at prices that seem astonishing in view of the wonderful excellence of the work. The first of the series is Longfellow's "Hyperion," containing 272 pages, which is sold at twenty cents. Those to follow weekly will, according to size, be sold at ten and twenty cents, uniform—in this respect, with the other cheap libraries. In all respects, however, this series promises to be vastly superior to the others, and deserves the highest measure of success.

Schiller's Works, issued by Ignatius Kohler, 911 Arch St., Philadelphia, has reached its sixteenth number, and will be completed in eight more. This issue gives the conclusion of the "History of the Revolt in the Netherlands," all of the "Siege of Troy," and the beginning of the "History of the Thirty Year's War." The work is handsomely printed, liberally illustrated, carefully edited by Charles J. Hemple, M. D., and remarkable for its cheapness—25 cents a part.

"Miss Slimmens' Window." We have just received from the publishers a copy of a book with the above title which contains much wit and humor. It gives Miss Slimmens' peculiar trials and experiences in her efforts to become Mrs.——, with her very freely expressed opinion as to what other people should do and be. Every one will want to read it. It contains 150 pages with thirteen illustrations, and will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents for paper cover, and 60 cents for cloth cover, by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., 31 Rose street, New York.

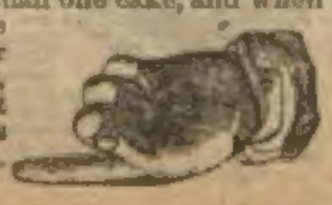
The first bound volume of the *Century Magazine* has just been issued in a "decorative" cover of agreeable design. It is really a very handsome volume, the broad pages showing to even greater advantage than in the single numbers. The only fault to be found with the appearance of the book is in the singularly mean and ugly title-page. The 960 pages are embellished with some 370 wood engravings, including a dozen full-page pictures, and many of these represent the best of recent work. As for the contents of the magazines, it is surprising what a quantity of good reading upon a wide range of topics of present interest is included between these zodiac-bedecked covers. There is biography and criticism, poetry, fiction, geography and politics, science, art and belles lettres; and the page is so inviting and the pictures so attractive that one is tempted to reread even the familiar articles. The publishers say that the average sale of the six numbers included in this volume was larger than the highest average under the Scribner name.

MAGAZINES.

We have received the Midsummer edition of *Beatty's Quarterly* from the publisher, Hon. D. F. Beatty, the world-famous piano and organ manufacturer of Washington, N. J. It is splendidly illustrated, and contains a great amount of information that those contemplating the purchase of a musical instrument should know.

The design on the cover of the May *Century Magazine* is the most pleasing and modern-looking it has yet adopted. The contents merit only praise. The number opens with a frontispiece portrait of James Russell Lowell, who is the subject of a discriminating critical paper by E. C. Stedman. Mr. Lowell himself contributes a poem entitled Estrangement. The opening paper is called the Canadian Macca, by Dr. W. George Beers, illustrated by Henry Sandham. Mrs. Mitchell's sculpture paper is on The Hellenic Age, and is admirably illustrated. Richard Grant White furnishes another chatty article on Opera in New York, illustrated with portraits and other engravings. A charmingly illustrated paper is devoted to George Inness, Sr., the artist, the six engravings being reproductions of his landscapes. Carlyle in Ireland, from recently discovered MS., abounds with Carlylisms of characterization, opinion and style. Miss Emma Lazarus, a Jewess, replies to Mme. Ragozin's attack upon the Jews in the last number. Archibald Forbes relates an amusing experience of Lecturing In Two Countries. Fiction is contributed by Mrs. Burnett, Mr. Howells, Miss Woolson and Frank R. Stockton; and among the poets are Edward Everett Hale, John G. Saxe, Joel Chandler Harris, Lang and Gosse. The departments are full of valuable and entertaining reading. The Century Co., New York.

Those of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddalls Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.



"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Fidler, Mo., April 1, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium, which I consider well worth the price of the paper alone. Have shown it to many of my friends, who would willingly pay $2.15 for the picture alone. How any person that has once read a copy of your paper could give it up, is more than I can understand. I look forward to receiving it as one of the week's pleasures.

M. B. SWENTZEL.

Catawba Island, O., April 16, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest premium that I have ever received (and I've received a good many). Everybody praises it. Will do what I can for you.

MILES NEWTON.

Long Island City, N. Y., April 16, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them eulogize it. It exceeds any and all premiums ever received with the POST, or any other paper. Will send you some subscribers.

MRS. W. H. BENNETT.

Republic, O., April 19, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. All who have seen it pronounce it the most beautiful premium they have ever seen sent out with any publication. Will promise you some subscribers.

MRS. G. E. PEABODY.

Chesterville, April 17, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations. I have also rec'd copy of your paper, and am greatly pleased with it.

MARY D. BIRD.

Bogia, Fla., April 19, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Many thanks.

O. C. BUCKLEY.

Tupelo, Miss., April 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be.

DRUZILLA TOMLINSON.

Elysian, Minn., April 12, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw. Really, I cannot understand how you can afford to give away such an elegant picture. You may expect some subscribers from me.

MRS. A. C. SWAIN.

Sierra Valley, Cal., April 11, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. I will show it to my friends, and try to get you some more subscribers.

HARRIET DAWE.

Newburg, Mich., April 13, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful—really magnificent. You may accept my sincere thanks, and look for some subscribers from me.

A. L. JOHNSON.

Cortland, O., April 16, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the nicest gift ever given by any paper. I return my sincere thanks for it.

CLARA E. J. REYNOLDS.

Terre Haute, Ind., April 18, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture enthuse over it.

J. D. HAYWARD.

Bigelow, Mo., April 16, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. It is so natural and lifelike. I am perfectly satisfied.

MRS. ED. SLAWSON.

Brathroy, Ont., April 14, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations.

W. H. HAWKINS.

Sellersville, Pa., April 19, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers for me in a few days. I feel as though I ought to put my thanks in practical form, for it certainly deserves more than a passing thought.

H. H. HAW.

Louisburg, Ks., April 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all O. K., and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by papers—and truly a gift, as either paper or premium is well worth $2.15.

P. A. BROSAW.

Chester Centre, Ia., April 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. We are decidedly well pleased with it.

W. M. HAYS.

Humorous.

Scene—Cape May hotel table—persons, a young swell and an elderly, fine-looking man. Young swell: "I feel sure I must have met you somewhere." Elderly man: "Very likely; I am a pawnbroker."

"The Doctor Told Me

to take a blue pill, but I didn't, for I had already been poisoned twice by mercury. The druggest told me to try Kidney-Wort, and I did. It was just the thing for my biliousness and constipation, and now I am just as well as ever." Torpid kidneys and liver is the trouble, for which Kidney-Wort always proves to be the best remedy known.—Hartford Courant.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this receipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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QUEEN OF SHEBA'S BEAUTY

IS BUT SKIN DEEP.

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WOMAN RULES THE WORLD

by her beauty, not less than by her purity of character, loveliness of disposition and unselfish devotion. Indeed, in the estimation of perhaps too many men, beauty in a body takes precedence over every other consideration. Beauty thus forms an important part of woman's "working capital," without which too many, (if not bankrupts in what relates to influence within the circle where they move), are powerless for great good. Hence we see not only the propriety but the duty of every lady preserving with zealous care that which to her is essential to success, and influence, and usefulness in life. And since "beauty is but skin deep," the utmost care and vigilance are required to guard it against the many ills that flesh is heir to. Among the great and annoying enemies of beauty,

OF EITHER SEX

as well as of comfort, happiness and health, are those pestiferous and horrid skin diseases—tetters, humors, eczema, (salt rheum,) rough and scaly eruptions, ulcers, pimples, and all diseases of the hair and scalp. For the cure of all these, Dr. C. W. Benson, of Baltimore, after years of patient study and investigations devoted to diseases of the skin, at last brought forth his celebrated SKIN CURE, which has already by its marvelous cures, established itself as *the* great remedy for all diseases of the skin, whatever be their names or character. Its success has been immense and unparalleled. All druggists have it. It is elegantly put up, two bottles in one package. Internal and external treatment. Price $1.00.

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Facetiæ.

Student—"What proof is there that Nature abhors a vacuum?" Professor (after deep reflection)—"The presence of so many fools in the world. Rather than have a vacuum, Nature filled up with them."

If You are Ruined

in health from any cause, especially from the use of any of the thousand nostrums that promise so largely, with long fictitious testimonials, have no fear. Resort to Hop Bitters at once, and in a short time you will have the most robust and blooming health.

Another imposter has been exposed. He claimed to be a railroad brakeman out of work; but when he went out of the room he did not slam the door hard enough to make the chairs dance, and was of course arrested.

Small annoyances in life are vanishing through scientific discovery. In his Skin Cure, Dr. C. W. Benson, of Baltimore, Md., has created a perfect remedy for tetter, eruptions or scurf on the face or scalp. Every person using it will have a clear countenance.

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"Rough on Rats."—Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, skunks. 15 cts.

"Is it proper?" asked a young man of his fashionable aunt—"Is it proper to take a bird in your fingers at table?" "My dear nephew," she replied, "remember the old adage—'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!'"

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1. at Druggists.

Wisconsin seems to be the only State in the Union where donation parties are still given to ministers, but the ministers rent warehouses and halls for the performances, and pocket the loss, with a feeling that it might have been worse.

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

"See there!" exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to a gaping crowd, as he exhibited, with some pride, his tall hat with a bullet-hole in it. "Look at that hole, will you? You see if it had been a low-crowned hat, I should have been killed outright."

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Men of endurance have healthy kidneys and liver. No aches in the back, no piles or constipation. The cure for these diseases is Kidney-Wort. This great remedy keeps up the tone of the whole body, by enabling the liver, bowels and kidneys to perform their functions perfectly. Both the liquid and dry are sold by druggists.

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The fallacy of curing rupture by trusses has been fully established by the experience of past ages. There is certainly no truss that will radically cure confirmed rupture, or that can be truly considered, if worn any length of time, other than injurious.

What is the truss but a half-hoop gripping steel or iron band, provided on each side with pads to press simultaneously upon the back and abdomen? Are they not heating and debilitating to the body and walls of the abdomen? Is not the ceaseless force of the mainspring bearing these pads toward each other attended with fearful results? Look for a moment into the structure of man, the location of the organs, and you will say with us that the kidneys, the bladder, the tendons, the spleen, the vertebræ, and the lumbar regions must sooner or later be seriously affected by the continued pressure of the truss, and manhood destroyed ere the victim has reached the prime of life.

Let us see the following example: Fill, for instance, a sack, as the abdomen is filled, and clasp it with one of these so-called radical cure trusses, and you will see the terrible indentations made by the pressure. It is in this way that the constant severe embrace or grip of the truss exhausts the muscular fibre and inflicts irreparable injury upon the organs, completely destroying their functions; in a word, making the young old, and the old useless. No man is safe who has a

RUPTURE,

No matter how insignificant he may consider it, for every man who has died from it, once flattered himself that it was but a trifling ailment; and every man who now suffers from it and the injury of trusses to such an extent that life has no enjoyments, once regarded it as unworthy of special attention. It is not a stand-still affliction; it is steadily progressive, even unto death, and he is wise who takes the necessary steps to be effectually relieved of it before the day of suffering and gloom comes upon him.

The Rev. J. D. Adams Writes:

DR. J. A. SHERMAN—DEAR SIR: From personal experience of the use and worth of your appliance in your treatment of hernia, I can freely speak of it as a benefaction to all those who may need it. A knowledge of what it is, and can do, is its best commendation. I have not seen or heard of its equal.

Respectfully Yours,
J. D. ADAMS.

Melrose Highlands, Mass., Sept. 6.

What Mr. D. B. Lent Says of His Cure.

Having been ruptured for some time, and suffered from the use of trusses, and having been cured by the remedies of Dr. J. A. Sherman, I feel it a duty and pleasure to recommend the afflicted to consult him with confidence, procure his treatment, and be restored to soundness, as I have been.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. D. B. LENT.

Dr. Kerley Writes to a Boston Inquirer.

W. H. Prescott, Esq., Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: For the last year I have been living at Ferguson, Mo. Yours of the 7th inst. to hand this A. M., inquiring about Dr. J. A. Sherman's Treatment. If you have a hernia, or rupture sometimes called, go, by all means, and consult Dr. Sherman. He has the most perfect cure for it I have ever met with. He made a perfect cure upon my wife. If you see Dr. Sherman, present my regards; tell him to write to me.

Yours Respectfully,
Ferguson, Mo., Feb. 11. R. M. KERLEY, M. D.

James M. Ashmore Writes an Inquirer About Dr. Sherman's Treatment.

J. R. Cooper, Esq., Moline, Ill.

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 18th inst., inquiring about Dr. J. A. Sherman, received. Dr. Sherman cured me of rupture of forty years' standing. He does not use the knife; no operation in his Treatment. His Treatment is his appliance and Curative Compound. His appliance does not interfere with any kind of work. I think his Treatment is a sure cure, for my case was a very bad one, and he cured me. Yours, JAMES M. ASHMORE,

Charleston, Ill., July 13, 1881.

Further particulars concerning Mr. Ashmore's cure, as related to one of the editors of the St. Louis Republican, can be seen in Dr. SHERMAN'S book.

DR. SHERMAN,

And the only Dr. SHERMAN known to the public in connection with the treatment and cure of rupture, has now been favorably known for over 30 years as the only successful practitioner in his specialty in this country, as thousands of grateful men and women all over the land, who have been permanently cured by his treatment, bear witness. The skeptical, who have been victimized by unprincipled quacks, are cheerfully referred to prominent men in this and other cities who have availed themselves of the Doctor's Treatment.

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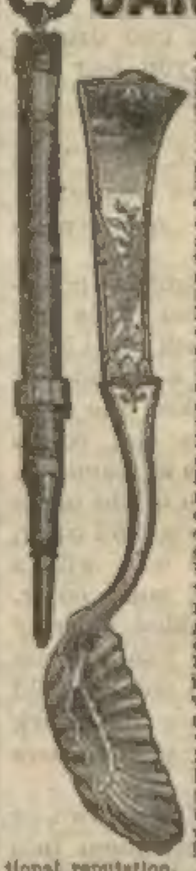

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

A POPULAR occupation among many of my readers now, is renovating last year's costumes which this latitude allowed by fashion enables one to do with very satisfactory results, a few hints on the subject will not be out of place.

The skirts of your costume may be either covered with one long deep boxing, or trimmed with three deep box-plaits, reaching almost to the waist, or they may be perfectly plain, with a large ruching at the bottom.

These three styles will be worn in every material, and you may select which you prefer. Little frills to entirely cover the skirt will also be worn, and in thin materials especially.

You may convert two skirts into one in this way, or you may put the whole of last year's costume into the skirt of this year, by first unpicking it entirely, then making a narrow foundation skirt, which you trim with plaitings with all the rest of material you have left.

In this case the body and paniers, or a polonaise, may be of a different material and color both of which being quite the fashion. Supposing now, you have re-made your old skirt or skirts into a new one, or more than one new one, and that you have made it into a kilt plait, or three box-plaits, or a pyramid of little flounces, you then proceed to convert your cuirasse and scarf draperies of last year into a more modern shape.

As I have already said, these may be of a different material and color to the skirt, which is very convenient in renewing old dresses. If possible, however, have the whole alike, but, if this be not possible keep the brightest color for the body and panier. If you have a plain material and a figured material also to adopt together, keep the plain material for the skirt, and the body and panier you will make of the figured material, the same combination being equally adaptable for new materials.

If last year's tight jacket-body be still good, you need not cut it, but gather on to it your scarf drapery, making it thereby to form a point in front, by carrying the drapery high upon the hips, and then low again at the back in another point.

Above this point you place a large bow or puff, which must look as if it were made of the scarf itself, but the real scarf ends are formed into puffs or loops, which fall gracefully at the back.

Over the top of the paniers, which join them to the body, you may place a trimming or a puffing made of the same material. A flat trimming is preferable, however, as it is more becoming, and looks more like what it is intended to imitate—that is, a band. With a little shoulder cape to match you may go in this dress without needing any other shoulder covering. Instead of the shoulder cape you may make a fichu of folds to match the collar and sleeve cuffs, which may be of the material of the skirt, or of satin, or watered silk.

I will not puzzle you by giving you other models of the same kind to copy. I must say a word, however, of polonaises, which are worn principally with skirts covered with narrow flounces, varying from nine to fifteen in number.

The polonaise may be of the same material as the dress, or of an entirely different material and color. But, contrary to the pointed body and panier, which are of a brighter color, or of figured material when not like the dress, the polonaise, when it does not match the dress, should be of a darker color and of a plain material. It is made in three ways; either as a Princess robe looped up at the back, according to taste; or it is made with a full body, and the skirt part opened in front, and looped up at the back; or with shoulder yoke, and the remaining part plaited to the yoke. In all cases a band is worn round the waist, and may be tied in long ends on one side of the waist.

I do not recommend the shoulder-yoke polonaise; the Princess shape and full body are the prettiest; the first to stout figures, the second to young and slim figures. A ruching is worn round the waist with a full body, a sailor-collar is added to the yoke-body, and a high collar surrounds the neck of the polonaise. The sleeves are the same in every case, that is, almost reaching the wrists for walking-dresses, and I am treating only of these.

So much for flounced or plaited skirts' costumes. Let us now look at the costumes with ruched plain skirts. After you have unpicked the costume which you intend to renew, you make an old-fashioned plain skirt, gauged tightly round the figure, but with straight plain widths at the back, to give the fulness now required by fashion. At the bottom of this skirt you place a huge ruching, which may be pinked out round the edge, or may be hemmed, as you may prefer.

This ruching may be of a different material to the skirt, especially if made of silk, but it is better to make it to match the skirt. The bodies to be worn with this skirt are various. Here are the prettiest and the greatest favorites:

No 1. is a tight pointed body, with a scarf tunic stitched round it, and forming two large bows and two large ends, which cover the whole of the back of the skirt. Now, if your ruching at the bottom of the skirt should be of a different material to the skirt, you may make the scarf tunic, collar, and cuffs of the body to match the ruching, or you may make the entire body and scarf tunic to match the ruching. Also, if even the ruching should match the skirt, you may make the body and scarf tunic of a different material.

Lastly, skirt, ruching, body, scarf, and trimmings may be all of one material and color. Here you must be guided by the materials you have to work up, having always an eye to taste and harmony of color. I must add that this style is not suitable for figured materials, only plain materials look well for it.

No 2. Ruched skirts may also be worn with princess polonaise, which may be closed or open in front at pleasure, and be bunched up at the back with a large bow and ends.

The polonaise need not be trimmed, but should be long enough to touch the top of the ruching all round. The polonaise in this instance also may be of a different material and color to the skirt, and even of a figured material, if not too showy. This will allow the combination of two dresses being converted into one. If you buy the materials, and then select all one color and material, let it be plain.

Sapphire, myrtle-green, and dark blue are the favorite colors for new materials. With a ruched skirt you may also wear a long coat of light cloth.

No 3. This coat is made as tight as a princess robe. The difference is that it is not looped up at the back. The back folds, however, are caught together with a cascade of ribbon bows. You might make the skirt and coat of different materials and colors each, or you might make them to match in every respect; or, thirdly, you might make the skirt and coat of one material and color, and trim round both skirt and coat with a ruching of a different material and color. Here, again, you must be guided entirely by the materials you have at hand, if you will not buy for the moment; and it would scarcely be wise to do so if you can work up last year's materials in any of the above ways.

Why should you turn off one, two, or three dresses if you can convert them into one good costume? Let us avail ourselves of fashion's permission to wear several materials and colors together, if by so doing we can economise enough to buy something better by and by. Even well-to-do ladies, who keep French maids, do not disdain to convert one or two old costumes into a new one.

You must also alter your last year's jackets, if you would wear them this year. For this, you open the five back seams, and let into each opening a strip of satin or watered silk, of the same color as the cloth of the jacket, forming the over cloth parts into box-plaits, which are of course joined on each side to the under satin strips.

You will make the collar and sleeve-cuffs to match the back openings. If there be already a collar and cuffs different to the jacket, you will make the under-strips at the back to match.

This done, you will be perfectly costumed for the whole spring. I need scarcely tell you that each description given may be made up in new materials, but I thought it would be more useful for this inter-medium month to tell you how to make new fashions out of old materials.

Fireside Chat.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

A DINING-ROOM mantel lambrequin, recently made, offers some new suggestions, especialy in the way of fringe. It is of olive plush, with disks of gold braid ornamenting it at intervals. A narrow band of crimson plush ornamented with gold braid borders the lambrequin. Attached to this is the fringe, which consists of narrow turned spindles of old oak highly polished.

The tone of the wood is in beautiful harmony with the plush. For the dining-room curtains nothing is handsomer than the different materials in imitation of old tapestry. These are looped back by heavy cords which are made of wools of the different colors of the ground, twisted in heavy strands, at least an inch and a quarter in diameter, with tassels to match. These can be easily made at home, and are good for curtains of any heavy materials, being handsomer than any of ready-made cords.

A new way for filling in the groundwork of canvas embroidery is in squares of five stitches, taking the stitches diagonally, and beginning in the corner with one stitch, then two, then three, and decreasing in the same way. The effect is very fine when the work is done in silk.

A stripe, for example, of light purple and white clematis, with leaves worked in Kensington stitch in crewels and silks, filled in this way with a light reddish-orange silk. A second strip, whose design is more and foliage worked in single stitch in crewels in antique colors, is filled in with cream silk.

Five-o'clock tea-table covers are of white momie-cloth. The edge has an ornamental border of some straight floral design in outline stitch in several colors, and in the corners are Mother Goose designs, or other childish figures, also done in outline stitch in colors.

The tints chosen are usually antique greens, blues, reds and yellows. Around this is put a border in solid color, feather-stitched on in silks, and the cloth is finished with white fringe. The housekeeper who is well provided with these dainty little table-coverings for special occasions or for an impromptu lunch in parlor or library, has gone far toward making hospitality easy and graceful.

A novelty in broom brush-holders is of blue velvet, on which is embroidered a young chicken. This is done in cream and brown arrasene, whose softness gives no bad resemblance to the fluffiness of a newly hatched chicken. If an ivory-handled broom brush is added, the two make not only a handsome present, but a very pretty ornament.

Ribbon work, owing to the requirements made on patience as well as its demand for perfect needlework, has not made great headway. A large square of white satin recently shown exhibits ribbion work in its most attractive form.

In this the large outlines of the design are done in delicate blue chain stitching and in each alternate enclosure small dots are worked in pale blue chain stitching. The rest of the design consists in delicate sprays of blue forget-me-nots, trailing arbutus, and other small flowers. These are made out of bits of the silk of the required tint, each petal being perfectly shaped and fastened down, while needlework is used to complete the artistic presentment. The flowers are consequently all in low relief, while the foliage is for the most part embroidered. The method furnishes suggestions to expert needlewomen, but only to those who are expert.

A large white satin mouchoir-case has a wreath of roses and leaves done in silks with Kensington stitch, each rose and leaf being outlined with gold thread. In using this thread unmixed with color, either the pure gold or the Japanese thread should be used, as otherwise it is likely to tarnish. A crimson-velvet mouchoir-case has a design of slender scrolls, with conventionalized flowers in colored silks, arranged around the outer edges like the ornaments on old-fashioned books. The scroll-work is in gold thread, which is put on as a couching.

A pretty flower rarely seen in decorative work, although it is one of the most suitable and beautiful, is the one popularly known as "Love in a Mist," whose fine bluish-green filaments can be so readily and exquisitely represented in outline stitch. This is very suitable for bureau-covers on sheer linen or any material of fine texture.

A scarf table-cover is made of crimson plush with that moire face now given to plush. The ornament consists of acanthus scrolls cut out of pale blue and old-gold plush, applied with tinsel braid, which is also used in the connecting designs. The border is of old-gold plush, on which is placed a series of red and pale blue plush mosaics, applied with tinsel braid, and larger mosaics from which hangs the fringe.

A new fancy in sofa cushions is to have one corner lined and turned over, showing underneath quilted satin of another color.

Pretty work-stands for a lady's room are slender black rod frames with a triangular top, whose base is about eight inches from the apex, which is cut off, leaving a board about four inches wide with incised ornamentation. The sides are filled in with embroidery in colors, and when let down reveal a pouch, serving for a "catch-all," made of colored satins, and daintily lined.

One of the art-embroidery establishments displays a fire-screen of cretonne transformed by embroidery. The square is a Watteau design, with three figures. The dresses of the ladies are covered with Kensington stitch in silk, and the coat of the powdered gallant is wrought in crimson arrasene. The various costumes, however, are not so remarkable as the faces and hair, which are done in crewels, preserving the lineaments prefectly.

Two remarkable pieces of embroidery have been sent to this city from Indiana. The material is a heavy white silk gauze, cut in panels for a screen, one large and the other small. The larger panel is embroidered in the upper part with a branch of dogwood and the white clematis vine carelessly entangled. Grass is ingeniously simulated below, and from it spring a cluster of violets in blossom, a sparse, slender wild plant and a bunch of straggling yellow daisies. The smaller panel has a tangle of golden rod and yellow daisies, with drooping petals, and a perfectly defined cobweb above.

Correspondence.

I. T. L., (Athens, O.)—Write to Landreth & Co., whose address you will find in our advertising columns, for the required information.

Sub., (Iowa City, Ia.)—Address Porter & Coates, Publishers, this city, for the book. There is such a paper published in Boston. If you forward an addressed postal we will send you the name.

A. S. M., (Polkton, N. C.)—We do not know the poem. There are doubtless hundreds in the language which commence with those words. If you sent us all of this particular one, we might be able to ascertain who wrote it.

FRED, (Mt. Olivet, Ky.)—To find friends in this city, you should, of course, advertise in Philadelphia papers. It may be well to use both the English and German papers of largest circulation. 2. The firm is not now in business in this city.

FARMER'S BOY, (Ogle, Ill.)—We cannot enlighten you as to whether it is love that causes her to act as she does. Her conduct, if you describe it accurately, is highly improper. No young girl should run after a young man, be he rich or poor. A lady must not woo, but be wooed.

D. M. G., (Tampa, Fla.)—We agree with you in thinking that a soldier cannot go home to vote. They may vote for President and Vice President, but that is all. Employees in the public service are sometimes permitted to go home and vote at State elections, but we never heard of such a privilege being granted those in the army.

H. S. D., (St. Paul, Mo.)—We found the article floating around among our exchanges. We cannot personally vouch for the facts stated, but nevertheless believe them true. The matter originally appeared, we think, in a New York paper of high standing. If there were not good grounds for the article, it would not have been printed.

D. B., (Coushatta, La.)—1. New York city. His initials are W. H. We know nothing of his personal character or disposition. 2. We do not pretend to tell character from handwriting. Yours is clear and easily read, but not handsome. If we made a guess we should say it indicated a certain amount of carelessness or unsteadiness of purpose. 3. If good enough we will use it.

A. C., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—When an engagement is broken off, for good, the young lady is apt to return the engagement ring, so—as a cynical old bachelor once said—that she may have her finger ready for the next one. Sometimes, however, the ring is not returned, although it is no longer worn after the engagement has been broken off. But the strictest etiquette of such a matter is to return the ring.

J. J., (Greene, Mo.)—Should you fall in love with a lady, you would probably have no difficulty in deciding that you ought to be honest and frank with her in such a matter. You would be apt to feel much more comfortable under the consciousness that your wife knew all about your career, than you would if you felt that she had something to find out about you which might give her pain and annoyance. An affectionate woman will forgive much in a man she loves, if he treats her frankly and truthfully at the start.

READER, (Hardin, Ky.)—Rabbi is Hebrew for "My master," and was an honorary title of the Jewish masters of the law, which is first found applied after the time of Herod. It was in common use at the time of Christ, who is addressed as such by his disciples and the common people. Other forms of the same title are rab, rabban, rabbon—the first, like rabbi, being more a general term for a certain recognized authority, the latter applying more strictly to a head of an academy.

"AMMY, (Coos, N.H.)—The word Alastor is a Greek term which means unforgetting. In classical mythology it is used as a surname of Zeus or Jupiter. It is also used to signify a deity who punishes—the never-forgetting, revengeful house demon or spirit who, in consequence of some crime perpetrated, persecutes a family from generation to generation. According to the belief of the time, if Cicero had killed himself by the dreadful of Augustus, the family of the latter would have been persecuted for generations by Alastor. There are various opinions about Alastor. Some of the early writers thought he was the same as Azazel; others, that he was the exterminating angel; and yet others, that he was the Demon himself.

S. L., (Easton.)—We suspect that we have heard from you before on this same subject, and can only repeat the advice we gave then. Your parents, relations, or intimate friends are the proper persons to consult with in such matters. One fault you seem to possess particularly strong is weakness of character. We know that you may not be able to help this, for such traits are in many utterly beyond the control of reason, try they ever so hard to govern them. But would it not be less painful to endure for a moment the mortification of asking the advice of your mother, say, than to endure as much or greater misery in the trouble and uncertainty you seem to labor under at present? Altogether, your case is a curious one, and the clearest and simplest way towards light appears to us to be that proposed.

SUSAN W., (Columbus, N. C.)—You ask to know the difference between good manners and good morals. If good manners be genuine, they are good morals, for they are founded on laws of justice and kindness. But there is so much base coin in circulation in the sphere of manners, and there are many pretensions to goodness therein which cannot be admitted. There is not a thing so offensive as a false heart refusing, in a polite manner, to do a simple and easy action of kindness. It reminds us of one lady abusing another in the most ceremonious style, courtesying with great dignity, but at the same time a contemptuous sneer upon the lips, and the most reverential "madame" upon the tongue. Most ladies would prefer a corporeal onset. But they know one another's feelings, and that this most mock civility is the most galling and effectual vengeance they can take. The good manners of some people are of this sort; heartless, clothing itself in the garb of kindness, and pretending to feel deeply for you, when it wishes you to Coventry or Jericho. Now, this we call bad manners, and yet men who can play this part well, and "bow you out," as they say at court, are supposed to be very accomplished, finished gentlemen. After all, it comes to this, that good morals are good manners. You will find no better standard for manners than this. But still there are degrees of goodness; there is more or less graceful manner of showing it, and the more graceful is better than the less graceful. The best manners, therefore, are the more graceful good morals. We cannot admit any falsehood or heartlessness into the idea of good manners.